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"Sage Nicht" Remarked Young Crook After Getting \$85 for Bad Checks

Bold Forger Cracked Jokes as He Was Leaving Town.

IRON MEN AS "FRIENDS"

Smooth Tongue and Unlimited Nerve of Man From Reading Enabled Him to Fleece Brokerhoff House and Beezer Meat Market.

A young man who gave his name as "H. E. Campbell, Reading, Pa.," dropped into Belleville on Tuesday last week and departed on Thursday night. On his way to the railroad station, he stopped in at the Bush House cigar store and purchased a small can of smoking tobacco. As he was leaving he turned to Louie Daggett and giving him the high sign with his right hand good-naturedly remarked: "Sage nicht."

Translated "sage nicht" means "say nothing." Louie Daggett didn't know what it meant, and it never occurred to him until a day or two later to inquire. He had met Campbell in an informal way during the latter's two day stay in town, mentally had classed him as a pretty good sort of fellow, and had let it go at that. Finally it occurred to him to ask the meaning of "sage nicht." By that time, however, quite a number were making inquiry for H. E. Campbell. For it had developed that during his brief but pleasant visit to Belleville the young man who wore fine clothes, possessed a good, clean-cut appearance, and incidentally a ready wit and smooth tongue, had cleverly taken over Philip L. Beezer for \$50 and the Brokerhoff House for \$35. Campbell's method of making easy money was by means of worthless checks.

The fraudulent check game is as old as the hills, but every now and then along comes some fellow with audacity and a few new wrinkles and gets away with the money. Young Campbell belongs to this class. While here he tried to put over bad checks on five or six persons and succeeded with two to the tune of \$85. With satchel in hand, and smiling forth goodbyes to newly made acquaintances, he sauntered down to the night train on Thursday and soon was headed for parts unknown. Even by those who were roped in the good-looking young crook was admired for his nerve.

Naturally some there were who suggested that a description of Campbell be flashed to nearby towns, but Mr. Campbell had already put a fairly good crimp in such a move. Before leaving town he had visited Montgomery & Co.'s store, purchased a new suit and left his older but almost new suit at the Brokerhoff House. Any description of Campbell in the clothes he wore while moving about town would not coincide with Campbell in his new suit. That he considered this part of his program of importance would seem to be suggested by the fact that he paid cash for the new suit and did not so much as attempt to negotiate a bad check. During the interim from the time he had passed a worthless check for \$35 at the Brokerhoff House and a forged check for \$50 on Philip L. Beezer, Campbell had made unsuccessful attempts to get rid of fraudulent checks at the First National Bank, at the Bush House, with Robert F. Hunter and also with Burgess Edmund Blanchard. The name of Edward Erb, formerly chemist at the furnaces in Belleville, now, chemist at the Experimental Station at State College, was forged to the check for \$50 cashed at the Beezer butcher shop. The check used by Campbell at the Brokerhoff House was signed by himself. He had used a check for \$50, signed by himself, in trying to fleece the First National Bank. The check which he tried to get cashed at the Bush House was the one which he eventually worked off on Mr. Beezer. And so cleverly did Campbell handle himself that he was many, many miles from Belleville before anybody actually was sure that he had taken them a ride. By the time they found out to a certainty it was too late.

Campbell is possibly 28 or 30 years old. He had fortified himself with a good running idea of men identified with the iron business at numerous plants in this section of the State. He modestly confessed to being identified with the Empire Iron Company, of Reading, incidentally to being general manager of the Henry Clay forges, etc. One naturally warmed up to a nice looking young man who had gotten so far along in the business world, who had left his wife and children at Williamsport for a day or so and who was merely up in this locality to rummage about, to ease up for a little vacation and look up a few old friends.

The story sounded well and Campbell reeled it off to perfection.

Only once during his two days stay in Belleville did Campbell make the slightest move to suggest that he feared the slipping of a cog in his plans. This was when he returned from State College Thursday evening, after having paid Edward Erb a "social" call. Campbell dropped into the Bush House and Philip Waddle, the clerk, explained that somebody had telephoned for him and that he was to ring up the exchange. Campbell, unable to learn from Mr. Waddle who had called, studied for a few seconds and then walked deliberately past the telephone booth and out into the street. He never did ring up central, for he feared that somebody had set a trap for him. This alone cast suspicion on him with the Bush House management and he eventually determined to hurry up matters and get out of town. A few minutes later he visited the Beezer butcher shop and managed to get away with \$50. He left town on the 8.30 train that same night.

Assuming the role of one familiar with the iron business and iron manufacturers, Campbell visited the Bush House shortly after his arrival in town on Tuesday. He inquired if J. Norman Sherer was stopping there and learning that he was, asked to see him. Mr. Sherer was in his room and a few minutes later came down into the office. Campbell greeted him cordially and soon was engaged in a running comment on the iron business. He inquired for Edward Erb, for "his old friend Brady, up at Renovo", for William Waddle, formerly book-keeper at the furnaces and now a clerk at the Brokerhoff House, and incidentally for Mr. Grim, at one time superintendent at the local furnaces. Campbell proved to be an agreeable sort of chap and Mr. Sherer introduced him to Laird Curtin and one or two others. At the Brokerhoff House H. S. Ray, the proprietor, was impressed with Campbell's manner of conducting himself and introduced him to quite a few persons about the hotel.

On Wednesday Campbell started in to get money via the worthless check route. A careless, off-hand request to cash his personal check for \$35 was accommodated instantly. Campbell stuffed the \$35 down into his trousers pocket with as much indifference as if it had been his handkerchief. He was introduced to various persons and to each and all he talked about iron. On Thursday he chatted with Mr. Sherer and Mr. Curtin, Robert F. Hunter and others. Mr. Sherer meanwhile had learned that Campbell had cashed a check for \$35 at the Brokerhoff House, and figuring that this was perhaps unusual for the manager of an iron company away on a vacation, he telephoned to Edward Erb, at State College, explained that Campbell was heading that way and suggested that he be on his guard.

Now, Campbell was not personally acquainted with Mr. Erb. So far as the latter can recall, they never had met before. However, a little thing like that didn't bother Campbell. He landed at State College, hunted up Mr. Erb and soon was chatting as familiarly as if he had known him all his life. Before leaving he casually asked Mr. Erb to give him his address, which was merely a scheme to get possession of Mr. Erb's signature. But Mr. Erb avoided this by handing Campbell his business card. With a cheery good-bye, good luck to you, etc., Campbell said adieu to Mr. Erb and returned to Belleville. Campbell's theory and practice was that no opportunity should be overlooked. On the train enroute from State College he came across Robert F. Hunter and in the midst of a highly interesting discussion of business conditions, etc., he casually suggested that Mr. Hunter cash a check. Mr. Hunter just as casually remarked that he didn't happen to have the small amount desired with him at that time.

Returning to Belleville Campbell walked into the Bush House and through the office into the lavatory. Mr. Waddle, by this time somewhat suspicious, followed him and remarked that somebody had been telephoning for Campbell and had left word that the man from Reading should call up the exchange. Campbell, possibly fearing that trouble might be at the other end of the wire, left the hotel without asking the telephone exchange what was wanted.

Although bold in undertaking any proposition, Campbell was clever enough to drop it at the first sign of trouble that might lead to his detection and arrest. For instance, when he drifted into the First National Bank and tried to cash his

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CYRUS WOODS CHOSEN FOR CABINET POSITION

Former Centre County Secretary of Commonwealth.

HONORED BY GOVERNOR

Premier of Brumbaugh's Cabinet Spent Boyhood Days at Boalsburg—Until Recently was United States Minister to Portugal.

Centre County shared in the honors at Harrisburg this week when Dr. Brumbaugh, the newly installed Governor, announced the appointment of Cyrus E. Woods, of Greensburg, as Secretary of the Commonwealth. The appointment proved to be popular throughout the State and particularly to many Centre County friends of the new premier of the Governor's cabinet. For Cyrus Woods is virtually a Centre Countian. His boyhood days were spent in and about Boalsburg. His sister, Mrs. Alice Magoffin, resides at Boalsburg, and his brother, Dr. G. H. Woods, is a resident and well known practicing physician of Pine Grove Mills.

The appointment of Mr. Woods was announced together with that of Francis Sunk Brown, of Philadelphia, as Attorney General, and James S. Hiatt, also of Philadelphia, as private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh. The inauguration of Dr. Brumbaugh on Tuesday was witnessed by a tremendous throng, the assemblage including representatives of all sections of the State. Dr. Brumbaugh arrived in Harrisburg on Monday evening and a short time later he announced the appointments of Mr. Woods, Mr. Brown and Mr. Hiatt. Following the inaugural ceremonies the new Governor went to the Capitol and Mr. Tener, the retiring Governor, departed for Chicago. He will reside in Philadelphia in the future.

That Cyrus Woods was under consideration for a place in Governor Brumbaugh's cabinet was not even hinted at until the formal announcement of the appointment was made at the Executive Mansion. He succeeds Robert McAfee, of Pittsburgh, who is related to Mrs. Thomas Beaver and Mrs. Donald Potter, of Belleville.

The new Secretary of the Commonwealth, who succeeds Robert McAfee, of Allegheny county, has been a resident of Western Pennsylvania virtually all his life. He was born in Clearfield, Pa., September 3, 1861. He was educated at Lafayette college, graduating in 1886 with honors. He did newspaper work in Harrisburg for a short time and studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1890. In 1905 he was elected vice president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association.

Mr. Woods was elected to the Pennsylvania State Senate from Westmoreland county in 1900 and re-elected in 1904. He was elected president protem of the Senate at the close of the 1905 session and served in that office in the extraordinary session of 1906. He was re-elected president pro tem for the session of 1907 and in the same year resigned from the Senate to become general counsel for the Pittsburgh Coal company. In 1911 President Taft appointed Mr. Woods minister to Portugal and he served at that post until his successor was appointed by President Wilson.

HAPPINESS REIGNS ON GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller Married Fifty Years Ago.

BOTH IN GOOD HEALTH

One Hundred or More Friends Attend Informal Reception on Saturday—Entire Life of Genial Couple Spent in or Near Town.

A very happy event was the celebration last Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller, of nearby Belleville, of their golden wedding anniversary. To add to the enjoyment of the occasion was the presence of their three children—Mrs. Elizabeth P. Moore, of Tyrone; Isaac P. Miller, of Philadelphia and Mordecai Miller, at home—as well as relatives and a host of admiring friends.

Just fifty years ago from that day—January 17th, 1865, to be exact—Isaac Miller claimed Catherine Pennington as his bride. The passing of a half-century has witnessed the silvering of their locks and an easing up in the health and vigor given only to youth, but time has not dimmed the happy, cheerful spirit that has attended their many years of married life and today Mr. and Mrs. Miller—the one 75 and the latter 74—find themselves able to enjoy life to the fullest. Surrounded as they were on their golden wedding anniversary by friends near and dear, they were supremely happy.

The Miller home at the twilight was prettily decorated in gold and white, and from two until six o'clock there was an informal reception. The genial "wedding couple" were in splendid spirits and accorded a cordial welcome to the one hundred or more friends who called to extend congratulations and good wishes. The "bride" was the recipient of numerous anniversary gifts, these including various remembrances in gold. The out-of-town guests included Mrs. I. K. Fisher and daughter, Miss Margaret of Philadelphia; Isaac P. Miller, of Philadelphia; Mrs. J. S. Williams, of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stine, of Tyrone; Mrs. John D. Bell, of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Moore and daughter, Katherine, of Tyrone; Miss Mary Lytle, of Clearfield; Mrs. John Conley, Mrs. Kate Dale, Miss Mollie Hoffer, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Booser and son, and Mrs. George Bosh, of Centre Hall; and Henry C. Pennington, of Abilene, Kansas.

The wedding which was so appropriately celebrated on the fiftieth anniversary was solemnized by the farm near Axe Mann, now occupied by William Hoffman. Mrs. Miller was Catherine Pennington, a daughter of Isaac Pennington and Sarah Keller. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Crothers. Their entire married life has been spent in and near Belleville. Mr. Miller has two brothers, Abraham V. Miller, of Pleasant Gap, and Robert Miller, of Belleville. Mrs. Miller has three sisters and two brothers. Mrs. Nettie Ross, of Colfax, Iowa; Mrs. Jennie Eckley, of Daweyville, Utah; Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, residing in Iowa; Robert Pennington, whose home is in Dakota, and Henry C. Pennington, of Abilene, Kansas, who was here for the golden wedding anniversary.

Judge Orvis in Opinion Filed Says He Will Grant Licenses

Directs Landlords Not to Drink With Patrons.

CONTINUES OLD RULES

Regulations Governing Saloons in 1914 to Prevail During Coming Year—Judge Says Temperance Forces Give Him No Assistance.

Judge Orvis on Saturday, last, handed down his liquor license decision, in which he announced that no applications had been refused. He stated that two or three applications would be held over for further consideration. So far as is known these applicants do not reside in Belleville or Centre Hall, two of the three boroughs from which remonstrances against renewals were filed. The other borough in question was Philipburg, and it may be that one or more of those to be held over reside at that place.

In announcing his intention to grant renewals of licenses to virtually all applicants, Judge Orvis says that landlords will be required to subscribe to the same rules as were imposed one year ago. A new condition is added, namely, one requiring landlords to promise not to drink, or permit bartenders to drink, with patrons. The opinion of Judge Orvis follows:

OPINION.

Ordinarily, the record in this case would make it unnecessary for this Court to file an opinion were it not desirable to correct the profound misconception of the license law of Pennsylvania, caused by a widely spread misrepresentation of the opinion of the Superior Court in the now celebrated Venango cases.

There is no complaint or charge made against this applicant. In this respect his application is not peculiar, for there is no complaint or charge against any applicant filed with any of the other respective applications. There are reasons:

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To Electrocute Two.

A warrant was issued at Harrisburg on Saturday for the electrocution of Kuzza Tassone, of Lancaster, during the week of March 8. A warrant was issued on Friday night for the electrocution of Arthur Simons, Tioxa, during the week of March 22.

Nicola Mondalle of Fayette, is the only convicted murderer in the State for whose electrocution no warrant has been issued.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—William Kerr, Penn State student, infected foot. Mrs. Clara Horner, Waddle.

Operations—Miss Mary McSuley, Miss Elizabeth Gill, Miss Alice Dawson.

Discharged—Miss Janet Potter, Belleville; Mrs. Ruth Parsons, State College.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Archie R. Ebbert, Renovo
Anna M. McMatric, Spring Mills
Leroy Confer, Howard
Rosie Balch, Huntingdon

Evangelist Orr's Meetings Under Way at the Armory.

The much talked about, and much prayed for, evangelistic meetings began last Sunday morning in the armory. The audience at that time was largely composed of the regular churchgoers. These were sufficient to give the evangelists an audience of about 700 people. Prof. Calver took charge of the choir of 100 voices. Christie Smith and his orchestra supplemented the piano work of Misses Shuey and Parker. With a great volume of song the services began. Rev. E. F. Falcomer invoked the divine blessing. Rev. A. B. Sprague read the scripture lesson, and Dr. E. H. Vocum offered the prayer. Then Dr. Orr, the preacher, was introduced, and took charge of the meeting. His first sermon was on the text, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Every one present at the service went away feeling that the evangelists, Dr. Orr and Prof. Calver, were the men for the work.

Sunday night an audience that filled the Armory flower in. People were clamoring for admission at 6:30, an hour before the services began. Again a great service of song preceded the preaching. The devotional services were in the hands of Rev. Falcomer. Every one of the 1100 persons present felt the power of the sermon which followed. Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock the first afternoon service was held. The audience was small

only by comparison with that of the night before. Monday night, which is always an "off night" for religious services, found about 600 persons in the armory. Tuesday night showed a marked increase over this, the crowd rising to the 900 mark. And all the other services have grown in proportion.

One of the unique features of the campaign is found in the "men's prayer meetings." These are held in the places of business. The men meet each morning at 10 o'clock, and continue in prayer for twenty minutes. Meetings have been held at the stores of Shuey, Hunter, Yeager and others. These have been attended by an average of 30 men. The women hold meetings for prayer in the various parts of the town. These meetings assemble at 10, and continue for 30 minutes. Groups of women are praying every morning. The revival is one that is being "prayed down and not worked up."

The impression that has been made by Dr. Orr upon the general public has been most favorable. He is never personal, but always easy to be understood. He describes himself as "a maker of shoes." If they fit the hearer can put them on. He is notably considerate for the mother who must bring her child, or else stay away herself. "Bring your children," he announced, "but leave the

dogs at home. We have all been babies. They never disturb me. But I have had meetings ruined by dogs." Those who have met him personally are charmed with his manner. Those who hear him always come again, and "bring a friend."

The services of Saturday and Sunday will be of exceptional interest. Saturday night a great young peoples' meeting will be held. Dr. Orr will preach to and for young people. His subject is, "The Four Most Important Things." No young person can afford to miss this service. Then Sabbath! This will be a "feast of fat things." Three great services at 11, 3 and 7:30. In the morning the subject is "Practical Religion." At night the theme is "The Plan of Salvation Simplified." These two services are for all the people. The afternoon service is "for men and boys only." The subject for this meeting is, "The Devil's Detective." These three services should gather in every man, woman and child in Belleville.

The meetings are growing in every way, in numbers, in power, in usefulness. They will continue for more than two weeks, following along the general schedule of hours and services. Women's and men's prayer meetings at 10, Bible reading at 3, preaching at 7:30. Every night the great choir sings. Every person should hear this choir.

THRESHERMEN MEET

Annual Session at Court House Discussed Traction Engine License Law.

The Centre County Threshermen and Farmers Protective Association held their annual convention in the Grand Jury room in the Court House on Thursday, Jan 14th, with a good attendance—more than the seating capacity of the room.

Reports of committees were received, officers elected for 1915 and delegates appointed to attend the state convention at Harrisburg Feb. 15th & 16th. Visitors present were Ira M. Hart, of Mechanicsburg, president of the State organization; W. G. Bishop and S. C. Coder, of Williamsport, representing the manufacturers, who addressed the convention upon the importance of the threshermen and farmers banding together this year stronger than ever and going to the Legislature now in session with demands for relief from the present traction engine law. Attention was called to the splendid fight made last year that forced the Highway Department and the politicians to take notice. It was said that petitions signed by farmers, as much as a man could carry, have gone to the Highway Department remonstrating against the law in regard to cleats and damage to rotten bridges and public highways. The result was a suspension of the law in regard to cleats and liability for damage to roads and bridges, pending action by the Legislature now in session.

President Hart gave an outline of a new bill drafted by the State organization to be presented to this Legislature which cuts in half all license fees and establishes the right of the traction engine upon the highway under proper rules and restrictions. This is a crisis for the traction engine.

The movement in the last Legislature and the spirit of the Highway Department last year was to put the agricultural traction engine off the public highway. This did not quite succeed, but it made every man who did not have his engine refitted liable to arrest and fine. Therefore, every thresherman must stand up in this fight. The membership fee would not buy the rivets to recast an engine, and the specified cleats would be about as good as no cleats at all. For the present all traction engine owners will observe that the license law of 1913 is in force and requires every traction engine to be registered before it goes on the road. The license fee is \$10 for a less than ten ton engine. A 1915 application blank must be used, in which there are no objectionable features.

The farmers are also interested in this movement. Every additional expense or embarrassment put upon the threshermen is passed on to the farmer, who pays the bill.

The farmer is further interested in this organization because a right liability law is sure to pass this Legislature, and the farmers must see to it that inconvenient restrictions are not placed upon the operation of his domestic machinery by power. It is the purpose of this organization to look after all these matters and in so doing asks the financial and moral support of the threshermen and farmers of the county.

Membership fees are as follows.—Threshermen, \$3.00; Farmers, \$1.50.

Certificate of membership will be forwarded by Isaac Underwood, Treasurer Belleville Pa., upon receipt of this fee. Every thresherman and farmer who can should attend the state convention at Harrisburg Feb. 15 and 16. Any information regard the plans of the association, the licensing of engines, etc., will be furnished by Wm. K. Corl, Pres., State College, Pa., or Isaac Underwood, sec'y and treas., Belleville, Pa.

Youthful Offenders Sentenced.

Two young men, charged with larceny, were on Tuesday sentenced by Judge Orvis to indeterminate terms in the Huntingdon Reformatory. Clyde Stringfellow, charged with stealing \$7 from Ambrose Lyon, of Boggs township, entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced. The fact that he is but 19 years old saved him from a term in the penitentiary. He is from Lewistown. Adam Sunday, 20 years old, from State College entered a plea of guilty to the larceny of \$8 from Sowers & Gothen, of that place. The court gave both young men a kindly talk before passing sentence. Sheriff Lee took them to Huntingdon later in the day.

County Grange Meeting.

Centre County Pomona Grange will hold its first quarterly meeting for 1915 in Grange Arcadia, Centre Hall, January 28th, at 10 A. M. All fourth degree members are cordially invited to attend. D. M. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

OPINION ON LICENSES.

(continued from first page.)

stances filed, but only against the applicants residing in the three boroughs of Bellefonte, Philipsburg, and Centre Hall. There are no remonstrances filed against any of the other applicants in the county. The only basis for the remonstrances filed is the allegation that there is no necessity for the license asked for. This allegation is not supported by any testimony or other evidence of any kind. In the said three boroughs there is no discrimination, the remonstrants treating all the applicants with equal impartiality, making no attempt even to allege that one is worse than another, or that any have infringed the law or violated the rules of this Court.

We are thus presented with a peculiar situation, namely, an urgent request to declare hotel licenses unnecessary in the three principal boroughs of the county, with the tacit acquiescence of all the temperance forces that in the smaller towns and country districts the remaining licenses are necessary. In other words, while there is no dispute before the Court but that a hotel is necessary in Howard, Rebersburg and Spring Mills, the Court is urged to hold without any testimony or evidence of any kind that licensed hotels are not necessary in the county-seat.

The argument in support of all remonstrances, illogical as it may seem, is based upon the fact that Judge Crisswell refused licenses in the County of Venango, and that in an appeal from his judicial action the Superior Court refused to reverse him in a somewhat lengthy opinion which as has been just said has been misconceived and profoundly misrepresented.

The fact is, that the Superior Court in the Venango cases reaffirmed the law, as it has always been understood by intelligent judges and lawyers, and reaffirmed its principles in the most clear and convincing language, so that any fair and unprejudiced mind can understand the law as it always has and still is held.

The present license legislation places in the several Courts of Quarter Sessions the exclusive jurisdiction and power to grant licenses. Neither the Superior nor Supreme Court can grant or refuse an application. On an appeal from the action of the Court below, neither the evidence nor the merits of the case go before the appellate court. No matter how arbitrary, unfair, and unreasonable may be the action of the license court, there can be no relief or no reversal unless that court plainly puts upon the record that its action was controlled or guided by some principle that is not the law of the Commonwealth. In the Venango cases, Judge Crisswell placed upon the record that he had heard and considered the evidence and found that there was no necessity for that particular license. It is true that he filed a long opinion in which he hinted that there was a change of feeling in the county on the question of licenses, and it might be inferred that, to a certain extent, at least, he was controlled by that feeling. This inference, however, was negated by his plain statement to the contrary in his final action in each case. The disappointed applicants, however, attempted to reverse the Venango Court on the theory as stated by the Superior Court in the following language:

Does license judge abuse his judicial discretion where he refuses all applications on the sole ground of non-necessity, based and considered exclusively upon the conclusion "that there is a growing sentiment against the liquor traffic generally, and that the granting of liquor licenses in point of public economies, morals, law and order is detrimental to the communities affected?"

Upon this question the Superior Court rules as follows:

If we could agree with the learned counsel that this is the question presented by the records or by the opinion, we should unhesitatingly agree with them that there was a misconception by that court of the nature and extent of its discretionary power and of the legal principles governing its exercise, and that the enforcement of that erroneous view, by its action, was not the exercise of a sound judicial discretion, but would be justly characterized, as a determination not according to law but outside of law and therefore not a legal judgment but the exercise of an arbitrary will. A decree made arbitrarily, or in violation of law, it is our plain duty to set aside. For example, if a judge should refuse a license, because, in his opinion the law authorizing licenses was bad law, or if he should grant all licenses because he believed the law wrong as tending to confer a privilege on a special few, in either case there would be no exercise of judicial discretion; both would be the mere despotism of arbitrary will by one in power, that sort of lawlessness which is least excusable and excites most indignation.

The Superior Court then proceeds to state that they could not determine from the way Judge Crisswell disposes of each case that he acted upon this principle, and leaves it to the conscience of the license judge whether or not he obeys or disobeys the rules of law as laid down by the appellate court. This same opinion goes further and declares that the Court commits error if it rules that the word "necessary" must be synonymous with "indispensable," or that the "public accommodation which the law is intended to promote is to be ignored or treated as of little importance as compared with the objectionable features of the business."

The said opinion finally closes with the following words which ought to throw clear light upon the whole situation.

It is not our province to discuss or determine the correctness of the result reached. As has been declared repeatedly, it is the discretion of the court of quarter sessions, not ours, that the law requires.

This opinion of the Superior Court, in harmony with all other decisions of said court and the Supreme Court, unhesitatingly expounds the present law to be in no sense prohibition or local option legislation but just the opposite. It is a revenue raising measure largely exercised through the hotels of the Commonwealth, and its avowed purpose is to regulate and control but not to destroy or prohibit the sale of intoxicants in Pennsylvania. For this legislation and for this law the people's representatives in the legislature are primarily responsible. Under our system of government the law making power is vested exclusively in the legislature and the electorate. The sole function of courts is to expound and enforce the law. Any attempt to ignore or deny legislation or to legislate judicially would manifestly be judicial usurpation. A judge that knowingly and consciously violates our present High License Act and the construction of our higher courts thereupon, could not consistently impose sentence upon prisoners after being convicted of violating other legislative statutes of the Commonwealth.

This legislation requires the courts to hear the testimony and pass upon the merits of each license application. It is, therefore, unthinkable for one to pledge himself in advance out of deference to some supposed moral sentiment to refuse all licenses when he must take an oath that requires him to impartially hear each case and dispose of the same in accordance with the principles laid down by the appellate courts. Recently, this court as well as others, have been urged to follow the example of one or two of the judges of the State, who are alleged to have refused all licenses in the county because of their high moral sense or of deference to the same sentiment in the community, and it has been urged that because these judges can so act we have the same arbitrary power. We cannot force ourselves to believe that there is any judge so lost to his sense of judicial responsibility as will allow him to pass upon the legal rights of petitioners in his court for license through motives contrary to the law. The judges quoted, themselves deny the statement of their admiring friends and are careful to place upon the record that their action in each case is controlled by the evidence and after a fair hearing and in accordance with the well recognized principles of the law. Even if we were convinced that these judges against their own judicial declarations acted in the license cases for reasons that they did not dare put upon the record, it should not be a precedent for our action. As well might we ask all jurors to disregard all evidence and the rules of law laid down by the court, because we might suspect some jurors to have done so in a single case.

The fact is, that our temperance workers are so hostile to the present scheme of license legislation, that they are not willing to recognize it or for the most part to aid and enforce its provisions. For this reason more than any other, this Court feels the lack of intelligent cooperation with such forces in the enforcement of the law. With such cooperation, all landlords unfit for license would soon be driven out of the county, and the character of our licensed houses markedly improved. As it is, however, the Court receives the benefit of no such cooperation, no evidence is given bearing upon the relative character, qualification, and sobriety of the several landlords; or the quality and value of the service to the public in their respective inns or taverns. Rather than to aid in improving the hotel service and raising the standard of licensed places, our temperance friends seem to make their slogan, "none or all." While this is a logical goal to be reached, it can only properly be reached through legislative channels and not through judicial. As the law now is, we cannot be controlled by our personal wishes or by the sentiment and standards of the community. Where our present laws may be wrong, let them be changed through the intelligent action of the electorate and its representatives at Harrisburg.

Many representations have come to us that have convinced us that the pledges taken by the applicants a year ago have somewhat bettered conditions in this county. We will ask all applicants to add one additional promise, namely, not to drink or let bar-tenders drink with their customers or at their own bar. We are compelled to certify as to the sobriety of the applicant and his agents. It is manifest that the landlord can maintain the peace and good order of his house and be much more free to act if not drinking with his customers. In view of the record, the total lack of evidence, and of the long-standing of the different licenses before us, we feel that we have no alternative but to grant the most of them, upon a renewal of the pledges made a year ago, with the additional one just above referred to. We have reserved our right to hold over two or three for further consideration and investigation.

By the Court,
ELLIS L. ORVIS,
P. J.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Cathrin Gray.

Woman suffrage as a national proposition was beaten in the house of representatives at Washington by a majority of thirty. The vote was 204 against suffrage to 174 in its favor.

While this is proclaimed by the anti-suffragists to be a decisive vote, the fact remains that a change of only sixteen votes would give the suffragists a majority, and in so large a vote a shift of sixteen will not be remarkable when the issue comes up again.

The resolution received a larger vote than its opponents believed possible and larger than many of its supporters expected.

Two years ago, when the aggressive movement by the women to put through a constitutional amendment was started, they did not have friends enough in the house to gain for them a respectful hearing. Probably had a vote been taken then, fewer than one-fourth of the members who voted for suffrage recently would have given it their support.

Mr. Mondell, of Montana, the author of the resolution, urged its adoption in a speech which traced the history of the movement.

"The stupid and threadbare argument that the exercise of the elective franchise will have an unfavorable effect upon the character of women, expose them to undesirable contact, destroy the finer fiber of the sex and put in jeopardy their natural charm, has been utterly refuted by the experience of every state and nation which has enfranchised its women," said he.

"If some fortunate women are so happily content under present conditions that they do not desire the ballot, that fact does not constitute an argument against allowing those women to vote who desire to do so. The nation has seen fit to prohibit discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The nation may, with equal or greater propriety, prohibit discrimination on account of sex. Except as a matter of personal opinion or preference, no one is justified in saying that the question is one for individual action in the states, rather than for concerted action by the states."

Congressman Clyde Kell, of Pennsylvania made a strong speech in favor of the resolution. "This proposed constitutional amendment places the question of woman suffrage squarely where it belongs, in the national field of action," he said. "If it is right and expedient that women should vote in Oregon, it is equally right and expedient that they should vote in Pennsylvania. There is no magic power in a state line to make the women in Illinois fit to govern themselves and in Kentucky unfit to govern themselves."

Congressman Hobson argued that the resolution did not take any power from the states.

Victor Murdock, Progressive, of Kansas, supported the resolution. "I am against the American woman dragging her skirts through the mire of partisan politics," he said, "and for that reason I favor woman suffrage as a means of cleaning the mire of party politics."

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Bellefonte Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains often come from weak kidneys.

"I would save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Read what a Bellefonte citizen says:

Mrs. Mattie Evey, 60 Pine St., Bellefonte, says: "Off and on for years I suffered from kidney trouble. My back was stiff and sore and I had a dull pain across my loins. I had a dull, heavy feeling in my head and black spots often floated before my eyes. Dizzy spells were common and I usually felt languid. Doan's Kidney Pills were the only remedy I ever took that did me any good. Others of the family have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and have had as quick relief as I. We keep Doan's Kidney Pills in the store and recommend them whenever we can."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Evey had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pictorial War Magazine.

The Philadelphia Record has begun the publication of a weekly Pictorial War Magazine. This magazine is published entirely separate from its newspaper. It is made of highly interesting and exciting scenes of current events of the European War. The magazine consists of 24 pages and is printed by the new Rotogravure Process.

It will be obtainable on news stands at 10c per copy.

All persons interested in European War affairs will be kept well posted by the advice and scenes of battle obtained in this publication.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year

VICTORY FOR WOMEN

Equal suffrage won a great strategic victory in Washington recently. A change of 16 votes would have given the Mondell resolution a majority and a change of 39 votes would have given it the two-thirds necessary in cases where amendment of the Constitution is proposed. The issue has passed from small areas into the national arena and hereafter every national legislator will have to wear his opinion on his sleeve.

The vote was an emphatic tribute to the sagacity with which the women have waged their campaign in this country. Practically, of course, it gives the advocates of equal suffrage nothing to worry about. They are winning State after State, and a State once won can never be lost. All their progress must be forward; it can never be backward. That is one reason why the nationalization of equal suffrage is certain, irrespective of the attitude of Congress.—Editorial.

There are Two Ways to secure the establishment of Woman Suffrage:

FIRST: The Legislature of each State can submit the question to the voters and if it receives the necessary majority, the women of that State are enfranchised. This method requires practically twice as many campaigns as there are States in the Union; first, one to create a public opinion strong enough to influence the legislators to submit the question, and then one to educate and persuade the great mass of individual electors to vote in favor of it.

SECOND: The Congress of the United States by a two-thirds majority can refer the question of woman suffrage to the Legislatures of all the States, and, when three-fourths of these have ratified it, the women of the entire country will be enabled to vote on exactly the same terms as men. This is the shortest, quickest, and most direct method, but the Congress never will take such action until directed to do so by the people.

Perhaps if the workingman, instead of rushing off to the saloon after supper, had to sit home in the evening with "the old woman," surrounded by the family wash in process of drying, the "emancipation of women" would come a bit quicker.

"Madam," said the judge sternly, "you must answer the question. What is your age?" "I was born the same year your honor was. That would make me about—" "It isn't necessary to go into particulars," interposed the judge stiffly. "Gentlemen, have you any further use for the witness? You may stand aside, madam."

"One of the best things the granting of the ballot to women will do for the home will be to give husband and wife and father and daughter something to talk about at the dinner table," said George Fitch, the noted humorist recently. "For years the interests of men and women, especially in the great cities, have been growing farther apart."

The Borrower Bit.

A theatrical manager asked an author-actor down to a watering resort as his guest from Saturday to Monday. The actor accepted with alacrity and went down with the full intention of borrowing \$500 from the manager before he returned to London. The time passed very quickly, however, and the would-be borrower kept putting off the evil moment, hoping for a more favorable opportunity to prefer his request. When Sunday night came he decided to leave it till they were returning to town together. They seemed to be getting on so nicely that he did not wish to spoil it.

What was his horror and consternation when next morning, in answer to his inquiry for his host, the waiter said:

"He left, sir, by the early train for town and said I was to give you this note."

The letter ran as follows: "Dear Old Chap—Had to leave early. Kindly pay the bill and let me know what I owe you when we meet in town.—Yours, L."—London Mail.

The Pessimist.

No doing anything with a pessimist. When you find a bright side for him he won't look at it for fear the light might blind him.—Atlanta Constitution

A Difficult Case.

Maud—Bave you given Jack any opportunities to propose? Betty—Yes but I couldn't tell him they were opportunities.—Boston Transcript.

If you love your neighbor's fire don't complain if the sparks fly in your eyes.—Wise Saws.

One Way to Save Money.

Is to save paying big doctors' bill by keeping on hand a bottle of the old and reliable SEVEN BARKS so that when your stomach gets out of order, you are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia, your liver or kidneys don't act, or if you get a touch of rheumatism, you can get quick relief and not have to call a doctor. SEVEN BARKS will purify your blood and tone up your system, and has an unparalleled record of 43 years. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York City.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Don't Be Hasty In Judging by It, Lest You Be Deceived.

Bret Harte wrote in one of his stories that you couldn't judge anything by the appearance of his characters. The big gest scamp had a Raphael face, the bravest man in camp was the smallest, the surest shot had but three fingers and the best dressed was the worst gambler in the state.

The same rule often works out in real life. Nobody wrote more dry philosophical books than England's prize philosopher, Francis Bacon. But one day while ill and without consulting any works of reference he dictated a volume of jokes which is still the best collection to be found in London.

When Stephen Crane wrote his "Red Badge of Courage" old soldiers thought the author must have gone through the war. Just out of college, Crane had scarcely ever heard a gun fired, and he was not born until years after Appomattox.

A 220 pound bully was making trouble in a Philadelphia street railway car when a small, pleasant faced youth remonstrated. Every one expected to see the giant literally crush the young man who had interfered. As they stepped off the car the bully was knocked senseless by a blow of the other's fist—the fist of Billy Rocard, then champion amateur lightweight boxer of America.

I heard Bob Bordette, the funny man, tell how the soldiers laughed at a young top of a cavalry officer until they saw him just once leading a charge. Then they knew it was General Custer, and they laughed no more.

So you cannot always tell what is in a man's head or his fist by his personal appearance or by his previous work.—Philadelphia Ledger

Napoleon's Name.

A Greek scholar called attention to a very curious coincidence about the name of Napoleon. If you take away the first letter of his name you have "napoleon," take away the first letter of that word, and you have "poleon," do this successively down to the last syllable, and you have "leon," "eon" and "on." Put these several words together in this order, Napoleon on leon leon eon poleon poleon, and you have a Greek phrase the literal translation of which is "Napoleon, being the lion of peoples, went about destroying cities."—Exchange.

The Dear Girls.

"I don't like my new gown very well," said the young lady recently. "The material is awfully pretty and the style is all right, but it needs something to improve the shape of it."

"Why," suggested her dearest friend, "don't you let some other girl wear it?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not an Admirer.

"Your husband loves horses, doesn't he?"

"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But he is always going to the races."

"Yes. But the way he talks about the horses after he gets home is something dreadful."—Washington Star.

Deductions.

"I rejected both Jack and William last night."

"I know it. I saw them shaking hands on the golf links this morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pernambuco.

Pernambuco means "the mouth of hell," in allusion to the violent surfs that is always seen at the mouth of its chief river.

Russia in Asia.

Russia has no colonies, properly so called. Its possessions in Asia are merely reserve grounds for surplus population.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular, Allen's Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it relieves the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

Empty Compliments.

Fifty years or more ago Sir Harry Smith, after whose wife Lady Smith was named, was governor of Cape Colony, and led a number of campaigns against the Kafirs. Returning from a particularly lively one, he held a review of his troops, who were in a most dilapidated condition—barefooted, ragged and half starving.

When the time came for him to say a few words he lavished praise upon them, dwelling upon their bravery, endurance and even upon their soldier-like appearance.

This last compliment was too much for the patience of the old color-sergeant. He stepped forward—tattered and unkempt—saluted most respectfully and then said:

"Begging your pardon, Sir 'Arry, we don't want no gammon; we want boots!"

This outspoken criticism was fortunately taken in good part and shortly afterward the men got their boots.—London Scraps.

Bedlam.

The word "bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem" and originated as a synonym for chaos at the time when the house of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood of London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the early part of the sixteenth century was not well understood, and, according to the theories then prevalent, it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet; "surprise baths" and doggings at the periods of most severe illness; hence the name "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

Weight of Air.

There is no uniform weight for air. For instance, say the weight of a cubic foot of air at sea level is 1,700 grains, with the pressure removed, by its elevation to an altitude of 10,000 feet, its weight would be about the half of 1,700 grains. In other words, the cubic foot at ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea would expand to two cubic feet, each of about 850 grains weight.

Girl Workers in Japan.

The number of factory girls newly recruited every year in Japan is 200,000, of whom only 80,000 go home. The remaining 120,000 never return. They go from one factory to another or go into other occupations, never thinking of going home.—World of Labor.

One and Two.

Charming Widow—And what are you doing nowadays? Mr. Bach—Looking out for number one. And you? Charming Widow—Oh, I'm looking out for number two!—Houston Post.

A Puzzle.

Bacon—There's one thing I can't understand. Egbert—What is that? Bacon—When a couple get married they become one. But they say it takes two to make a quarrel.

Rebuked.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice of a prisoner.

"Not guilty."

"Den vat you want here? Go about your business!"

Free speech is a precious right, and so is free action. But the tongue has no more right than the hand to abuse its freedom.

A Queer Eye.

An orator stated that "the worst enemy any cause can have is a double lie in the shape of half a truth," and the newspaper reported it "a double eye in the shape of half a tooth."

Hopeless.

"He ought to turn over a new leaf."

"Gee, that wouldn't do much good! He could turn over a whole library and not have a good start toward being decent."—Exchange.

If you cannot get grapes, runs a Russian proverb, try an apple.



The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

ellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street

Bellefonte, Pa

PITHY ADDRESS OF NEW GOVERNOR

Brumbaugh Takes Direct Stand
For His Platform Reforms.

DECLARES FOR LOCAL OPTION

Gives Much Attention to State Highways, Education, Labor, Farm and Municipal Topics—Says We Now Have Too Many Laws—Asks Legislature to Pass a Workmen's Compensation Law.

Harrisburg, Jan. 19.—As soon as Governor Brumbaugh took the oath of office today he delivered the following inaugural address:

"Fellow Citizens of Pennsylvania:

"In assuming the duties of the office to which you have elected me, I am humbled and steadied by the greatness of the obligation imposed and the abiding conviction that I can do my duty only when aided and guided by the Divine. In his name and for his people I enter upon this new field of endeavor. Fortunate, indeed, are we that our commonwealth is enjoying today the blessings of peace and the inheritance of a worthy record through successive administrations of its public affairs. To add an additional chapter to an already honorable record is my earnest desire. To this end I solicit your active co-operation and your unselfish support. This commonwealth and the colony from which it grew have a record of achievement so splendid that we may take an honest pride in maintaining its traditions, in advancing its interests, in publishing its virtues, in resenting its assaults and in proclaiming our happy lot that we are Pennsylvanians.

"Throughout the campaign I stood squarely upon my platform pledges, and was elected because the people believed I would use my utmost endeavor to secure legal enactments embodying these declarations. I shall assuredly do so. When 590,700 voters of this great commonwealth give us a commission, they have a right to demand its fulfillment. A voice so potent is a command to the legislature and the executive which, if wise, both shall surely heed. If we give the people the laws they have demanded and we have promised, we shall perform a distinctly valuable service to the commonwealth. If we fail to do this we must bear the consequences. I pledge myself to an unselfish service to the whole people of Pennsylvania, and ask your aid and active support both in securing good laws and in enforcing those now on the statute books.

"We have been over-lawed. We have gone too far upon the theory that legislation is the cure of our social, economic and political ills. We have actually made legal criminals when, as a matter of duty, we should have addressed ourselves to the vastly more worthy task of educating our people into an increasing love for liberty, respect for law and devotion to our American civilization. We should never make a law that in its operation will work harm to the many and good only to the selfish or potential few. It is the business of our government to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong. We need few additional laws. We could well afford to repeal many more than we enact. I trust, therefore, that we may all plan together to reduce enactments to a minimum, to reject all laws that do not hold the assurance of good to the many and so facilitate legislation as to give to the people the few vital enactments they need and deserve. As speedily as may be, this we should do, and when this is done the legislature should adjourn.

"For the moral and the economic welfare of our people we must all stand surely and steadily. Our laws should be not only regulators of procedure, but educators of the public conscience. Our great assets are not material, but spiritual. A government that enriches life and widens a people's vision will endure. No other is worthy of the name. If we address ourselves anew to this holy experiment we shall easily add unto it all essential material good.

"I am not unmindful that the quality of administration is the first concern and duty of the governor. This I shall keep daily in mind. But I also submit that it is vital to the welfare of the people that the laws administered be of the sort that will ensure to our people peace, safety and happiness. To secure such laws and happy ones is my duty quite as much as it is your duty. I take this occasion to urge upon you the importance of certain well-defined wishes and admitted needs of our people.

Local Option.

"I urge upon you, gentlemen of the legislature, the enactment of a county local option law. The people of this commonwealth have a perfect right to decide for themselves as to whether or not intoxicating liquors shall be sold in their several counties. This issue is before you. You must meet it, and meet it openly and fairly. I gave solemn assurance to the people that I favored such a law. Your governor now asks you to join with him in its enactment. Every consideration of moment favors such procedure. The sooner we do so the bet-

ter. Let this vexed question be taken from partisan control and given directly to the people. They will solve it better than we can. The selection of judges in the several districts should no longer hinge upon this question. It has already worked harm to the judiciary and has lessened the regard of our people for the integrity and capacity of the final legal guardians of the people's sacred rights. It is a dominant issue in the public mind. The party that has given this great state its industrial and educational development has now the sacred opportunity of giving the state a great moral uplift. I trust we shall not fail the people on this issue. I repeat I am unequivocally for county local option.

Highways.

"The people who are the producers in Pennsylvania have a perfect right to insist upon better transportation facilities, both by land and by water. We add substantial good to our people when we make it easy to transport a maximum load at a minimum cost from farm and factory to the best markets and market stations. Four years ago, under the apprehension that the people would approve a \$50,000,000 loan for roads, the state took over more than 9000 miles of highways. To this, at the last session of the legislature, additions were made. We now have under state control 19,200 miles of highways. The loan was not approved. The roads were taken over. This was a mistake. The current revenues will not properly care for these roads. They are becoming increasingly unsatisfactory. Unless largely increased revenues are provided it would be wise to admit this mistake and begin again upon the road problem. We must have now a road policy that will meet reasonable acceptance and permit of a continuous treatment for many years to come. The people need, and must have at once, better transportation facilities.

"The state should find revenues adequate to the construction of a few great highways, routed between the great centers of population. These should be well built, and when built placed under the care of capable supervisors, whose duty it should be to keep them daily in good repair. It is sheer folly to construct a costly road and, unsupervised, allow it to deteriorate. These supervisors should be licensed road-keepers and not political accidents. Unless a man knows how to repair a road and is willing to put his knowledge to use, he ought never to receive appointment and pay from the state.

"We also need state-aided roads. These may perhaps be worked out on the county unit plan. The county, with power to collect from each political subdivision its quota of road taxes, should receive an equal sum from the commonwealth. The money thus secured should be expended pro rata by the county upon the roads of the several townships. The routes should be as far as possible those connecting county seats, and the plans and perhaps all, surely part, of the supervision of construction be approved and supplied by the state. The people should know all the while what is being done and what expense is involved. A good highway is not only a public necessity, but an actually attainable good for our people.

"The state has now many miles of privately owned roads. These are maintained; some well, some badly, by the fees exacted from the users. These should be acquired and made a part of the public road system of the state. It is no credit to us that toll roads, once a blessing, now an irritation, should continue to exist in Pennsylvania.

"So vital is this matter and so imminent is the demand that I urge you to reduce your appropriations in other directions as far as possible in order to give the highways the largest possible appropriations.

Civil Service.

"The public service should be as efficient and economical as private service. I believe in and would approve a sane and practical state civil service.

Education.

"Under the school code our schools have made commendable progress. With few exceptions the provisions of that code are so essentially wise that they should not be changed. Your state board of education, to whom the law delegates the duty of suggesting such school legislation as should be enacted, will in due time advise you concerning the laws, if any, that would increase the efficiency of our schools. I commend their findings to you. As the number of pupils to be educated increases the appropriations should increase. More attention must be given to vocational education. We have the largest number of farmers of any state in the Union. Surely agriculture should command greater attention in our schools. I favor the creation of many rural high schools in which both boys and girls may be taught how to earn on the farm and in the home an honest livelihood. An education that does not increase the size of the loaf on the family table is scarcely worth the attention of our people. All education, no matter how liberal and cultural, should be so imparted as to make it usable. The facilities for training teachers should be improved, better supervision provided and higher education encouraged. But the emphasis of the state's concern should rest upon the schools of the many—the great common school so dear to our people and so essential to their welfare. We need a greatly enlarged permanent school fund. Universal education is the best safeguard of our liberties, and money

devoted to right education is the state's best investment.

Woman Suffrage.

"The resolution passed by the last legislature submitting an amendment to the constitution providing for woman suffrage should be re-enacted and the voters allowed to determine for themselves whether or not women shall vote in Pennsylvania.

Appropriations to Charity.

"Pennsylvania leads all states in its support of dependents. Its record should be maintained. But there is neither sense nor justice in unstudied appropriations to our many charitable institutions and agencies. These constitute important and wholly worthy objects of public concern and support. The legislature should know from competent authority their real needs and should follow such knowledge in making its appropriations. Moreover, the bounty of the state should never exceed the assured income of the state. It should not again occur that the obligation of lessening this bounty should be placed upon the executive.

"It may be that some wiser and surer method can be devised to ensure these funds doing the greatest good and reaching directly the institutions and agencies whose service is best or most needed. Surely the supervision of the state would follow absolutely its gifts. The state can afford to be generous only when it is just.

Labor and Its Claims.

"The people who toil are among the choice assets of our commonwealth. For their protection, their comfort, their advancement, their happiness, we are all securely pledged. I shall welcome any laws that promote these essentially wise ends. We must enact a fair and certain workmen's compensation act. Its provisions should secure reasonable compensation to those who in their daily toil suffer from accident or disease. It should assuredly make for the prevention of accidents. This compensation should be guaranteed. The funds for its prompt payment should be counted among the costs of production. In scope it should not include labor upon the farm nor domestic service. Great care should be exercised to see that the law be drawn in strict compliance with constitutional limitations. The present liability act needs amendment to the end that it may be in full accord with the above proposed act and that both alike may guarantee to our workers the certain and speedy relief they merit and should have.

"Our child labor laws are inadequate and unsatisfactory. No child under sixteen should be allowed to work. He should be in school. The small sum he earns prior to sixteen at the cost of his physical and mental development is a pittance compared with the loss he and the commonwealth sustain under the present law. Such 'peony wise' and 'pound foolish' laws are unworthy this great state. When a child is not at work under law he should be in school. He should never be a licensed loafer on the streets. The hours of toil should be supplemented by hours of study in school. Continuation schools to which our children who toil may resort for practical and specific aid should be maintained in every industrial center. No child should be allowed to enter upon any form of service who is not certified by competent agents to be physically fit for such service.

"In this great industrial state it is our duty to pay definite attention to the housing problem. Every family should be housed in a home that is private, sanitary, safe and attainable at a reasonable rental. I urge your attention to this important problem. We cannot breed good citizens in disgraceful houses. It would be a great pleasure to me and a great blessing to our workmen if this problem were adequately met now.

Our Farms.

"We have not learned how to make the most of our soil. The rewards of our toil on the farm are not what they should be. The state should grow more food than it consumes. We ought not to be buyers and sellers of foods. Money should flow to us, not away from us. The departments of the government charged with the conservation of our soil and the scientific development of our crops have sprung up, one at a time, as their services were required, and no effort has been made to articulate and co-ordinate these several agencies. There is at least departmental confusion if not actual duplication and conflict of activities. All this means waste in funds and lessened service to the farmer. I hope in this session of the legislature to have such action taken as will separate the teaching from the administrative functions of these agencies and reduce each to an ordered and scientific service. The funds for the advancement of our agricultural interests ought to express themselves much more largely in wheat and corn and potatoes and less in clerical and other forms of routine service. Let us legislate for the farmer rather than for the office holder.

Municipal Regulation.

"Our cities have grown more rapidly than our rural districts. Our urban population is so complex that it scarcely knows how to apply the principles of democracy. These people will learn, even if they blunder, when they have the fullest responsibility of control placed squarely upon them. They will learn much more slowly, if at all, while the state at long range is the large regulator of their conduct and their corporate life. Our laws ought not to hinder but help these great groups speedily to find themselves in the difficult task of ad-

justing municipal affairs to individual welfare. The state should give these municipalities wider freedom of opportunity to develop as they would, and to place definite responsibility upon them so to regulate their affairs as to make our cities centers of moral uplift and examples of clean, capable administration.

Conservation.

"Once Pennsylvania was rich in natural resources and unequalled in natural beauty. Much of its wealth has been taken from it. Much yet remains. Its ownership has passed to private and to corporate agencies. They have rights that must be respected. So also have the people of the state a claim upon these great natural assets. In their marketing the commonwealth plans an essential part. In the returns the people also ought to share. A reasonable tax upon our great natural resources as they flow to our markets is both fair and wise. Our public lands represent a new and increasingly valuable asset. We should speedily acquire many more acres and assist nature to reforest the same. The state can well afford to invest part of its income for the welfare of succeeding generations. Indeed, if we love our continuing commonwealth more than we love our personal gain, we shall assuredly foster our resources and, wherever possible, add to them.

"We fail to sense this obligation aright if we do not remember that our people are our greatest asset. Whatever makes for their good is conservation of the loftiest kind. That they may be safeguarded in their health, their recreation, their education, their homes, their worship, their property, their regulated freedom, their toil, should be our constant endeavor.

Conclusion.

"Pennsylvania has always given home and haven to the people of the civilized world. Here we have had for a quarter of a millennium the most heterogeneous population of any state. There has never been persecution or oppression. In peace, in order, in brotherhood, we have grown into a mighty people, an empire of substantial purposes. Our people are law abiding and liberty loving. They want the right things to prevail. They welcome the unselfish leadership of clean men. They want and must have a clean, capable and conscientious administration of their public affairs. Those of us that serve should be frankly honest with them. They have a perfect right to know, and they shall know, what this administration stands for and will steadily do.

"In the performance of public service let us adopt the finest code of our best citizens and put private integrity into public service. Let us all devoutly pray for this great state and by our words and our deeds humbly help our common God to save, to honor, to exalt this splendid commonwealth he has given into our care and keeping."

Enormous Rainfall in Hawaii.

The rainfall on the island of Hawaii varies greatly, ranging from the enormous downpour of 253 inches a year in the upper Waipio valley to twenty inches on some of the slopes of Hualalai. The only surface streams on the island are found along the northeast coast between Hilo and Kohala. Waipio river, according to the United States geological survey, is the largest stream on the island and has been partly developed for irrigation. At Kapoho, on the east point of the island, warm water flows from seams in the rocks. These warm springs flow into a pool about 100 feet long, 25 feet wide and 20 feet deep. The pool is entirely surrounded by rocks, and its color varies in shade from a beautiful blue to violet. Walspele, or Green lake, is a body of fresh water in the pit of an old crater near Kapoho. This lake covers an area of about five acres and is fed by springs below the surface. A pumping plant takes water from this lake for domestic use and for irrigation.

Origin of the Onyx.

When waters charged with carbonate of calcium derived from limestones are allowed to evaporate they deposit their load in the form of sinter, or tufa. This process can be observed at many thermal and "petrifying" springs and also in the formation of stalactites and stalagmites in limestone caverns. In this way large masses of compact carbonate are formed, some of them of great beauty. The so called "onyx marbles," of which the Mexican "onyx" is a familiar example, are formed in this way. Some rock of this class is stalagmitic in caverns, and some of it is formed by springs. Its variations in color and texture, to which its ornamental character is largely due, are commonly produced by impurities or inclusions, such as oxide of iron or even mud and clay.—New York Telegram.

The Codex Sinaiticus.

The most ancient of the New Testament manuscripts is the one known as the "Codex Sinaiticus," published at the expense of Alexander II. of Russia since the Crimean war. This codex covers nearly the whole of the Old and New Testaments and was discovered in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai by the celebrated Tischendorf. It is generally ascribed to the fourth century.—New York American.

Was Probably Serious.

"I'd like to know," said the boss swain, "whether she was stringing me or not."

Who? Inquired the mate.

"The young woman who asked me whether she was ever hitched as near to the captain's gig."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

COUSIN LISA

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When I tell you that my name is Shovaloff you immediately picture a man with a heavy beard, shaggy hair, large and thick set form. In other words, you fancy me to be a Russian. If you were to see me you would behold a rather small man with closely cut light hair and clean shaven face. Moreover I cannot speak a word of Russian. I can only speak English and American English at that, for I was born in the United States and till recently had never been off the North American continent.

My father was born in the province of Perm in eastern Russia, lying next to Siberia. He came to America when he was very young, married an American girl and died within a year after I was born.

My father brought a little money with him from Russia, which he used to a profit and left my mother in comfortable circumstances. When I was twenty-five a letter came to her stating that the farm which had been in the Shovaloff family for many years must be sold, and I was interested. She proposed that I go to Russia and look after the matter. I loved travel and caught at the plan eagerly.

When I reached my father's former home I did not wonder that he had left it. The country round about was thinly settled, though a village had grown up near the farm. The people had their own customs, which had been handed down to them through many generations. Some of these customs were very quaint.

My father had left a brother and a sister in Russia. The brother had died unmarried, but the sister, a widow, still lived. She had but one child, a daughter, who jointly with me would inherit the farm. She was a very odd though a very pretty, little dame about seventeen years old. I could not talk with my aunt or my cousin because they spoke no English and I no Russian, but we found an interpreter who served our purpose fairly well.

There was no hotel in the place, and I was obliged to set up a dwelling of my own. This I did in a small house which had been vacated. A middle-aged woman who spoke a little English consented to be my housekeeper and do my cooking. My aunt did not invite me to stay at her house. Why I knew not.

The business that brought me to Russia was very slow in working itself out, and the prospect of my getting away was not propitious. I had been in the village several weeks when one morning I was surprised by a visit from my Cousin Lisa. She came in all blushing and with a shivering manner. My housekeeper, being present, I saw no impropriety in her coming, but I nevertheless wondered at it. Not being able to communicate with her more than to say good morning, I asked the housekeeper to inquire if there was anything I could do for my cousin. A few words passed between the two, and the housekeeper, with some embarrassment I thought, said that there was only one thing I could do for my cousin, but I had better find it out for myself.

I concluded that I had struck another of the strange customs of the country and that I might as well let it work itself out. Lisa assisted the housekeeper in the work, and I went out about the business concerning which I had come to Russia. I did not return till evening, expecting surely that my cousin had gone. What was my surprise to find her still there.

"How long," I asked my housekeeper, "is Lisa going to stay here?"

"Always, unless you turn her out."

"Turn her out?"

"Yes. And you cannot do that unless you are willing to suffer the resentment of every one hereabout."

"What does all this mean?"

"It means that Lisa has offered to marry you."

I was thunderstruck. Little by little I drew from my informant that in this region of Russia when a woman wished to marry a man she went to his house and remained there, awaiting his action. If he refused her it was considered a great insult to her and her family. If she had male relatives they were likely to avenge what was considered a slight to her and them.

While I had been charmed by my little cousin I had had up to this moment no thought of marrying her. Her action put the idea into my head. A marriage between us would greatly facilitate the settling of the inheritance in which we were interested. She was very lovely, very modest, and in her quaint Russian costume she looked very pretty. If dressed as an American lady I would have no reason, at home, to be ashamed of her.

I accepted Lisa's proposal and as soon as I had done so sent her home to prepare for the wedding. My aunt told me that she had seen from the first that her daughter had given me her heart, and she had encouraged her to act as she had done.

When I took home with me a bride my mother was surprised, but when I told her how the betrothal had come about she was astonished. Fortunately my wife's modest demeanor did not permit my mother to associate any boldness with her act.

We have but recently returned to America and, although Lisa is studying English with great assiduity, we are not yet able to converse with much ease.

GIDEON'S BRAVE BAND OF THREE HUNDRED

Judges 7:1-8, 10-23—Jan. 24.

A Little Army Too Large—"Thine Be the Glory"—Cowards Off For Home, Cowards Spring—Still Too Many. Why the Lappers Were Chosen—"Do as I Do"—Pitcher, Lamp, Trumpet, Jehovah and Gideon—The Victory. The Incident a Parable—Its Meaning.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts."—Lech. 4:5.

OUR last Study showed us Gideon, encouraged by the Lord's promise of victory, sending messengers to the various tribes in Israel. Today's Study shows us the resultant army of 32,000 men with Gideon at the foot of Mount Gilboa, at Harod Spring—a little lake draining off to the Jordan. Across the lake were the Midianites, numbering about 135,000. An invading host, they had long been pillaging the Israelites unmercifully; but now, learning that Gideon's army was gathering, they assembled to crush it.

Although Gideon's army numbered but one to four of the enemy, yet the Lord directed him that it was too large, and that there would be danger that the victory might not be appreciated as from the Lord, but be thought to indicate the dexterity of Israel's warriors. Accordingly, by Divine direction, Gideon told his army of 32,000 that whoever was fearful and preferred to return home might do so. The name of the spring, Harod, signifies coward; it has been assumed that it was given because of the 22,000 who went home.

But the Lord said, There are yet too many. Cause the host to go down to the spring to drink; and discern between those who kneel and put their mouths into the water, and those who lap from their hands as a dog.

There were 300 of this latter class; and these the Lord declared to be the proper ones to win the victory. The remaining 22,000, however, would later on join them in the pursuit. This act of lapping water seems to signify alertness and obedience. An ox drinks by putting his mouth into the water, and when thirsty gives his entire attention to the sucking of the water, ignoring his master's commands and even the rod on his flanks. But the dog, while lapping the water, is all alert, watching in every direction and ready to quit the water at once in obedience to duty.

The Victory at Armageddon.

In olden times armies evidently did not keep so strict a watch as do modern armies. In the darkness of night Gideon and a trusted companion penetrated amongst the tents of the Midianites. Listening, they heard one relate his dream of how a barley loaf rolled down a hill and did havoc. Another offered the interpretation that this was Gideon and his small army, which was likely to be their undoing. The incident shows that the Midianites were apprehensive. Gideon's faith was strengthened by this little experience which the Lord permitted.

About midnight was the time appointed for Gideon's attack. The Three Hundred were divided into three companies, and spread out over considerable space near the Midianites. In addition to their usual armor, each man had in his left hand an earthenware pitcher containing a lamp and in his right a ram's horn trumpet. Their instructions were that those immediately with Gideon should do as he did, and that the others, hearing, should imitate, breaking their pitchers, shouting "Jehovah and Gideon," and blowing the rams' horns.

Waking out of sleep, the Midianites, beholding the flashing lights, hearing the clash like the sound of armor, hearing the shouts and the trumpets, imagined themselves surrounded by a great host, and fled. They fought each other, mistaking each other for foes. Gideon and his Three Hundred, assisted by the remaining 9,700, pursued and were soon in the fight. The victory was a great one. The Lord was recognized as the Deliverer; and Gideon, His servant, was honored accordingly.

Gideon's call resembles the Gospel Call for volunteers on the side of right against wrong; truth against error. Many in the world respond, purposing to become soldiers of Christ, but before they are fully accepted, Jesus calls. Sit down and count the cost. The sight of the enemy, the fear of death, cause them to turn back. These cowards will not share in the victory.

Then comes the second test. One and all of the class of the Lord's people, like the faithful dog, put obedience to the Master's will first. Another class heed less His voice, and even the rod; and being less alert to His service, they are less used of Him. Compared to the world, the most alert ones are very few. These are the ones willing to break the earthen vessel—to use their present earthly lives in the Lord's service; that the Cause of Truth may have a victory.

Doubtless we are near the time when the great victory, antitype of Gideon's, will be accomplished, when the hosts of sin will fall upon one another for their mutual destruction. The present war is the beginning of this.



The Selecting of Gideon's Band.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge, County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, \$10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, \$5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

THE NEW PREMIER.

With the countless other friends of the new premier of the Governor's cabinet, "The Republican" rejoices in the selection of Cyrus E. Woods, of Greensburg, as Secretary of the Commonwealth. It is a signal honor achieved by a comparatively young man who has won rapid advancement in public affairs, and whose success in the past warrants all confidence in an even greater success in the future. It is particularly pleasing to us since we look upon the new Secretary of the Commonwealth as a not only a valued personal friend but as one who is virtually a Centre Containant. That his public honors never can blunt his cherished recollections of boyhood days spent in Boalsburg, where his mother at one time resided, is best evidenced by the fact that he finds time at brief intervals to visit the scenes of what undoubtedly were the happiest hours of his life.

Although still in his early fifties, Cyrus Woods has served eight years in the State Senate, has been president protem of that body, has been general counsel of one of the largest corporations in Pennsylvania, and has been minister to Portugal. He now enters upon one of the foremost posts of honor in the Commonwealth, and that he should be called to such great responsibilities by a Governor of the type of Dr. Brumbaugh is cause for still greater gratification and congratulation.

CHATS ABOUT PENROSE

Retiring Governor Says Senator Never Tried to Dictate.

An interesting side-light on the personal side of a Governor's life at Harrisburg is revealed in an interview with Governor Tener a day or two before he retired from office. He chatted in an interesting vein regarding some of his experiences. Said he:

"Partisan legislators will be the chief handicap Governor Brumbaugh will have to deal with if the same conditions prevail during his administration as have characterized my term in office.

"Measures will be introduced, no doubt, in the 1915 session of the legislature which are proposed to further or safeguard the interests of the people. These measures may even be backed by the governor, but the chief difficulty for the executive to surmount will be to have such measures passed so as to carry out their original aim. Partisan legislators will endeavor to whip many measures into such shape as to change their original intent.

"But Governor Brumbaugh, I hope and believe, will be more successful in dealing with this condition than I have been."

The conversation touched upon forces that might be brought to bear by certain political leaders to influence the action or attitude of the chief executive. Governor Tener, who was walking back and forth in his office, turned abruptly and said:

"Do you have the slightest belief that Senator Penrose ever attempted to dictate any action that I should take or even came to me and attempted to thwart any legislation I was trying to advance?"

Receiving a reply from the interviewer that suggested that Penrose might have done such a thing, Tener asserted:

"Not once during my administration did Senator Penrose ever attempt to influence this office in any way. My relations with Senator Penrose have never been subservient. Our correspondence on file here will bear out that assertion.

"Senator Penrose is an angel compared to some of the other political leaders of this state. To my knowledge he has never committed an act that was not honest or that was against the interests of the people of this Commonwealth."

Reflecting upon the fact that he had but two more days as head of the state government, Governor Tener said:

"My record speaks for itself. It is with some measure of sadness that I look upon the severance of official relations with the men I have been associated with, but I have no regret in leaving the governor's chair, for I have looked upon that act as any one would toward any definite and settled thing. For my successor, Dr. Brumbaugh, I wish a most successful administration."

Mt. Eagle.

J. F. Deitz last Thursday was a business visitor in Bellefonte.

Cal Lucas and his boys have been busy shipping chemical wood from the Mt. Eagle station.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent the latter part of last week here with her sister, Mrs. Archie Bathurst.

Mrs. Alf Strickland spent several days in Lock Haven with her sister who is very low from pneumonia and whose condition shows no improvement at this writing.

Mrs. Will Gates and daughter spent Friday of last week with friends in Howard.

Mrs. Etta Leathers and Mrs. T. G. Leathers attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Oscar Harvey, at Bellefonte, last Friday.

Mrs. John Braumbaugh and Thomas, of Altoona, visited here last Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Mrs. Lowry and daughter, of Bellefonte visited here on Thursday of last week with her sister, Mrs. Bricker, on the stock farm.

Mrs. William Bitner and son, Wilbur, and daughter, Mrs. John Leathers, and the latter's children, visited in Beech Creek with their mother on Saturday, last.

Mrs. Justice Leathers and son, Ralph, and her brother, Leonard Deitz, enjoyed a fine sleigh ride on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram were out driving on Saturday and when they went down the road here the pace was so fast that their friends hardly knew them.

Some few of the Mt. Eagle boys took in the shooting match down at the Will Deitz place, below Howard, on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Thomas Thomas, of Howard, spent Friday evening here with her brother-in-law John Thomas and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Minnemie, of Coleville, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank.

Mrs. Jeff McCallion, of Howard, took supper a few days ago with the Alf Strickland family.

Clark Beatty, of Howard, visited on Sunday evening with his brother-in-law, Will Gates.

J. M. Fulton, of Osceola Mills, was a genial visitor in town this week. Mr. Fulton recently returned from a visit of several months in Missouri.

Our First Theater.

In 1732 the first theater in the United States was opened in the colony of Virginia at old Williamsburg. The originator was an English actor, William Hallam, Sr., who brought his own company from over seas and presented "The Merchant of Venice" as the initial performance. The idea spread rapidly, and soon New York, Philadelphia and the other leading communities of colonial America each had its theater. While the Virginia playhouse was the first in the United States, actors had played in the colonies before this date. The first is said to have been the English strolling player, Anthony Aston, who was known as Mat Medley. The actor and his art of that day were generally despised by the Puritanical colonists. The Massachusetts legislature passed a law shortly after amateurs had given "The Orphans" at the Coffee House in Boston in 1749 which forbade such performances, prescribing a penalty for actors and spectators alike of \$25 each.

Evolution of a Name.

Cosmo Innes, in his work on surnames, quotes an instance showing the gradual transformation of a patronymic. "A respectable citizen of Dublin named Halfpenny thrived in trade, so his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name, which they thought undignified, and this he did chiefly by dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr. Halpen. The fortune of the family did not recede, and the son of our citizen thought proper to renounce retail dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary 'h'. That being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which 'The Lady of the Lake' had just raised to a great height. So he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out at the levees as Kenneth McAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings."—London Chronicle.

Diplomacy.

When King Alfonso of Spain is staying at San Sebastian, says the Manchester News, he frequently goes across to Biarritz for an afternoon of recreation.

On one occasion he arrived at the station there and hailed a fiacre. The driver recognized him, and when his majesty asked what the fare was said, "For the king of Spain it will be 10 francs." The king smiled and merely paid the ordinary fare as provided by the tariff. To that amount, however, he added a tip of the usual size.

A few days later he was again in Biarritz and also took a fiacre. But on this occasion the cocher was more diplomatic. When asked the amount of the fare he replied, "Your majesty owes me nothing for the small service I have had the honor to render him." His majesty replied to this courteous speech by presenting the cabby with a 100 franc note.

Experience teaches a lot of things we never cared to learn.—Judge.

The Comforters

"What's the Use of Worrying?"

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

In the kitchen beneath Jernigan's bedroom the clock whirled and began to sound the hour. At the first jangling stroke Jernigan lifted his head and became aware, with a quick throb of gratitude, that he had been asleep. The question was, for how long? There was no daylight at the curtained window, but he was sure that it must be nearly sunrise, and in alert anxiety he counted the strokes of the clock.

Nine, ten, eleven—and silence. Jernigan groaned wearily. He had been in bed only thirty minutes, after all.

Through the doorway of the adjoining room, where his wife slept with the two children, he blinked at the white, dim hummock of Lizzie's back and listened to her placid breathing. Noiselessly he drew on some clothes, found a pair of slippers and glided swiftly down the dark stairway.

With a hand on the knob of the front door he turned and peered into his narrow parlor. The blue glare from an arc lamp in the street faintly illuminated the parlor table, revealing the bank book on it and his private account book and the sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. He hastily secreted them before he went out of doors.

Jernigan was the bookkeeper for Mr. Ellice at the Rudale mill, as his father had been before him. He was a skilled and honest accountant. The tormenting figures had nothing to do with his employer's affairs. They represented his own endeavor to deal with the terrible fact that during the past two years he had diminished by nearly \$1,000 the modest capital which he had inherited from his parents.

He looked morosely down the deserted street toward the huge mill. Its windows glowed; its looms chanted their endless, sonorous hymn of prosperity. On a hill near by was the stately, old fashioned Ellice mansion, with its tall columns of white stone. Mr. Ellice was evidently entertaining an evening party there. The lamps of motorcars shot their golden beams over the lawn, and Jernigan heard a vagrant strain of dance music.

His vague plan was to stroll as far as the office of the mill before turning back.

Behind the building he halted in bewilderment. A light gleamed from a rear window. Somebody was in the office!

Now, it was impossible for Jernigan to believe that any one had rightful business there by night without his knowledge, so he crept close to the window. He saw a man standing beside the office table. On the table were books of account and sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. The man bent over them, then paced the room, then returned doggedly to the table, then paced the room again. Jernigan caught his breath, for the man was John Ellice.

The bookkeeper stared, as if in a theater, at a counterfeit presentation of himself pacing his own parlor. Ellice's unbuttoned coat showed a loose pajama jacket; he wore slippers, and his hair was ruffled like that of one driven from his bed. His face, as he bent at the table under the light, was drawn and white.

Jernigan interpreted the picture swiftly. Indeed, there was only a single possible meaning for him, and this was a meaning which swept everything else out of his simple soul as a gigantic and appalling torrent sweeps a humble valley. The sight of an Ellice of Rudale in the torment of financial worry was to a Jernigan what the sight of a collapse of the great pyramid would have been to an ancient Egyptian. Other affairs of life for Jernigan were totally obliterated by awe stricken consternation and a sympathy almost reverent.

Ellice snapped off the electric lamp, pushed the papers into a drawer of the table and locked it. He decided that his daughter's dance would be over, and he wondered if he could sleep. Then he smiled grimly, knowing well enough that it was not dance music which had kept him awake. His neck contracted sharply, as if something was perched on his shoulder.

His thoughts whirled back to the papers in the table drawer. Had he forgotten to jot down the loan from the Samsen Trust? Of course he had! He began to compute the interest for the coming term. And what, in heaven's name, would be his next month's balance with the Atlas people? True, he might tide over this year, but—He threw open the outer door with a gesture of hopeless desperation and descended the steps.

"Who's that? Not Jernigan?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Jernigan. "If you can spare me a minute!"

"Why, certainly!"

Ellice managed to pull himself together. He glanced at his clerk's upturned coat collar and tremulous chin.

"You're not ill, Albert?"

"No, sir; just out for a little air."

"Quite right," approved Ellice. "Best thing in the world after a hard day's work. We're all right busy at Rudale

now, eh? By Jove, it's fine to see the old concern more prosperous than ever! Well, what can I do for you?"

Jernigan was not deceived by his employer's labored nonchalance. The vision at the window had been too overpowering to allow of that. He cleared his throat diffidently.

"It's this way, Mr. Ellice. I have money, sir, to invest. Not much, of course, not over \$12,000 or \$15,000, but it's all my capital, and I—I'm worried about it, sir."

"Worried, Albert? You worried?"

Ellice darted a quick, suspicious glance at Jernigan's face, but the bookkeeper was gazing solemnly at the huge, clattering factory. The trustful look in his clerk's eye reminded Ellice of a confident child. For the moment Jernigan resembled a devotee in the presence of a benevolent idol.

"Your father, I understand, made safe investments," resumed Ellice. "Why not stick to them?"

"They don't suit me, sir," said the bookkeeper. "I was wondering if Rudale mill could use the money for awhile. I could turn it over to you tomorrow, and then I wouldn't have to worry any more."

Although conscious of an insane desire to laugh, Ellice was nevertheless curiously relieved. In his present mood, eager for any morsel of solace, he could convince himself that Jernigan knew almost as much about the financial condition of the Rudale mill as he did. And here was the bookkeeper desirous of placing all his money at the disposal of the plant. Ellice bit his lip. Was it possible that his own anxiety was ill founded, imaginary?

"Then I wouldn't have to worry any more," repeated Jernigan.

"No," Ellice murmured. "No, I suppose you wouldn't. Got plenty of faith in the old concern, have you, Albert?"

"Faith to burn, sir, as the boys say. Why, think of all the faith in the old mill there is in this town. Mr. Ellice! Think of the hundreds of men and women and children that trust in the mill, the same as they do that the sun shines! Gather all that trust in a lump, and a fellow would have a regular rock of comfort to stand on, wouldn't he?"

Ellice started queerly.

"I didn't know you were such a mystic," he rejoined in a changed voice.

"Excuse me, sir. I have notions, but that's only common sense. And about that money of mine?"

Without answering Ellice turned away thoughtfully, and the two strolled in silence to the wooden bridge that spanned the mill stream. They leaned on the rail, looking over the river. An hour ago Ellice had leaned on the same bridge rail and stared for a long time into the beckoning depths of that restful river. At the evil remembrance of that black hour he shuddered penitently and touched Jernigan's elbow beside him.

"Let your money stay where it is," he advised. "I can't believe that you have a right to worry, Albert. You've got the trust of your family to nerve you, just as I've got the trust of my mill hands and the village. We ought to stand on that trust and fight for it, both of us, oughtn't we? That's enough to keep us busy. Worrying's no good!"

"What bothers me," ventured Jernigan, "are the years to come—the future."

Ellice peeled a silver from the rail and tossed it lightly on the surface of the shadowy current.

"That's the way the future takes us, I guess," said he. "It's up to us to keep afoot, that's all, and to hold the best course we can. The future? It's a big river, Jernigan, a big, big river. There's no map. Worrying won't help us to travel it."

"No, sir," muttered Jernigan.

For another minute they watched the stream as it glided steadily away into the mysterious darkness. Then Ellice glanced across the bridge at the great mill.

To the fancy of Ellice, with Jernigan's words ringing in his mind, the mill became a thing of life, a personal entity, radiant of confidence and trust. He felt, with a joyous thrill of regained manliness, that he would be worthy of its friendship and of the friendship of its people. He straightened his shoulders happily, as if they had been released from a painful burden.

"Good night," he said, "and thank you!"

"Thank me, sir? Why?"

"For a match," improvised Ellice, producing cigars from his pocket.

"Will you smoke?"

"I think not," Jernigan declined.

"It's late. Good night, sir!"

Although the street was quiet and deserted, while Jernigan hastened homeward under the elms it seemed to him alive with the mighty heart of all humanity, beating in unison with his own, vexed by the same solitudes and conquering the same fears. As he passed each lowly cottage he thought of the humble men and women therein, who faced the future with no different bravery from that required of kings and queens. If John Ellice could subdue anxiety over large affairs with such self-reliant courage surely Jernigan could likewise surmount his infinitely smaller cares.

Unlatching his gate, he whistled a tune.

"Al Jernigan, where in the world"—Lizzie paused to shield the flame of the candle as her husband opened the door.

"Why, I'd forgot to do an errand at the office. I meant not to disturb you, dear."

"But I didn't know what might happen, and I've worried like anything," she explained, smiling.

Jernigan yawned luxuriously.

"Never lend yourself trouble about what hasn't happened yet, Lizzie," said he. "What's the use of worrying?"

PICTURES OF BATTLES.

Warfare Has Always Been a Popular Subject For Artists.

From the earliest days of history war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his hands comes down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years; from the ruined temples of antique Greece, built centuries before the Christian era. The picture writing of primitive and savage peoples describes exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to Indian drawings of our own near time and land.

Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar river, in Montana, I bought, bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mainly by the medium of tea, tobacco and sugar—a "painted" robe right off the back of the war chief of a band of Yanktonnais. Slouch our troops had "rounded up" and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine "black bull," tanned on the underside to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naive pictorial representations of the deeds of war of old Kill-Them-In-A-Hole—as the soldiers translated the name given the chief from some episode in his murderous career—which in color, in grace and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egypt of old.

The glory of war is the theme; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and grace; their attitudes in the fury of combat lost nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time twoscore and more centuries later.—Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum in Scribner's.

MEDIEVAL PUNISHMENTS.

Queer Old Laws of England That Have Never Been Revoked.

Although the stocks, like the pillory and the ducking stool, have been done away with, a lot of punishments survive in England which are every bit as medieval.

The most ludicrous of these exist in the two services—the army and navy—which were renowned in the past for the cruelties practiced in them in the name of justice. "Keelhauling" as carried out in the navy used, of course, to amount to execution by drowning, while in the army "running the gantlet" was a popular way of punishing troublesome soldiers.

Here is another queer punishment which never has been removed from the statute book. If you are motoring or driving in England beware lest you run over anybody, for if you do so and cause his death your motorcar or carriage can be confiscated. Even a fall from a tree that caused the death of a human being can be taken from its owner.

The strangest punishment which still survives under modern law in England is that of "outlawry." Only a few years ago—in 1906 to be exact—a lawyer charged with forging a check was "outlawed" in the Glasgow high court. By this sentence the person of the accused is declared forfeit. He cannot bear testimony in a court nor sue nor defend an action. He cannot act as a jury nor vote at an election nor act as tutor or guardian to another person. If any one robs him he has no redress. If any one kills him it seems rather doubtful if that person can be hanged.—Pearson's Weekly.

One of New York's Tiny Streets.

New York has some queer streets, and Edgar street is one of them. It has been built up solidly on both sides from end to end for generations, but it has no numbers, and no one lives on it, and no one does business there. The letter carrier never stops. It has only one door, and that is kept locked and never used. Fifteen long steps take one along the sidewalk from one end to the other. Queer little thoroughfare is Edgar street, lying between Broadway and the Hudson, below Rector street, in oldest old New York.—New York World.

The Question Box.

What kind of glue should I use to make a yardstick?—A. B. C.

Please tell me how to tighten a hickory nut.—F. M. E.

Why is it I cannot get any music from a banjo?—Mrs. I. G.

Can you tell me why it is that a fire breaks out at the start and goes out at the finish?—Helen M.

How can I sharpen a nutmeg grater?—Mrs. S.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Terrorized.

Blinks—Where's the breakfast? Mrs. Blinks—Hush, dear! The cook ate it. Blinks—What! Ate it all? Mrs. Blinks—Yes, dear. We mustn't say anything. I think cook is just the sort of woman who would go round and say we starved our help.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Crabbed Age and Youth."

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher, can you explain the adage, 'Old men for council and young men for war?'"

"It means," replied Thomas, "that the old men do the quarrelling and then let the young men do the fighting."—London Fun.

A Pirate's Brutal Remark.

Captain Kidd buried his treasure. "If I were Mrs. Kidd I would hide it in the top bureau drawer," he asserted.—New York Sun.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

Subjects of the most vital importance are discussed in an entertaining fashion in the following studies—none of the old, dry theological essays:

- "Weeping All Night."
- "Our Lord's Return."
- "Two Salvations."
- "Necessity For Messiah's Kingdom."
- "What God Requires of Us."
- "Cardinal Gibbing's Sermon and Reply."
- "Thousands of Demons Inset Earth."
- "Jesus No Lone Star Man."
- "Responsibility in Cracks."
- "Christ's Sacrifice Ignored."
- "The Lost Key of Knowledge."
- "Many Ministers Preaching Without Divine Authority Should Stop Preaching."
- "Foreign Mission Facts."
- "Jesus Preached to Spirits in Prison."
- "What Is Baptism?"
- "Philosophy of the Deluge."
- "Forgivable and Unforgivable Sins."
- "Preach to the Dead."
- "Darwin Evolution Theory Exploded."
- "Errors of Westminster Repentance."
- "Infants Saved From Torture."

Name
Street
City and State of the above coupon we will send any one of these Bible Studies FREE; any three of them for 5 cents (stamps) or the entire 21 for 10 cents. SEND AT ONCE TO BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY, 11 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bricks From Babylon.

There is a law in the Turkish empire prohibiting the exportation of relics and antiques more than 100 years old, and the fact that it is on the statute books gives rise to the common practice of offering spurious articles to the tourist. Real objects of art or of sufficient age to be of value are rarely to be purchased, and the general desire of the visitor, therefore, seems to be to obtain stones or pieces of clay from the sites of ancient ruins or bricks with inscriptions. The former can probably be obtained, but they are practically valueless, as one piece of clay from Babylon is quite like another from Mosul. Bricks from either of these places that are known to be genuine are unobtainable.

With Military Honors.

It is not universally known what is meant by a funeral "with full military honors." In such a funeral the coffin is borne on a gun carriage.

If the dead soldier was an infantryman his sword and helmet rest on his coffin.

At the funeral of a cavalry soldier his sword and helmet are fastened to the saddle of his horse, which is led immediately behind the gun carriage, and his top boots, with spurs attached, are fastened in the stirrups, with the toes pointing backward.

A firing party, drawn, if possible, from the deceased's regiment, fire three volleys over the grave, and the "Last Post" is then sounded by buglers.—Pearson's Weekly.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

Margaret Glenn Shirk, who has been ill for some days, is better.

Hexter Hugh McAfee, of Stormstown, was here recently and Mack Fry has shipped him about a ton of 9c pork.

Hammill Glenn is sporting a brand new sleigh.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Corl some days ago, and as it is their first born the young couple are correspondingly happy. The young lady has been named Annie.

The P. M. Woolford family are quarantined for measles.

John B. Goheen attended the Centre Hall insurance company directors meeting at Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harpster, of Rock Springs, visited recently at the H. A. Elder home on the Branch.

Joe Kyle, a progressive farmer, spent a day here recently greeting old friends.

Robert Rudy, farmer and lumberman, of Charter Oak, enjoyed the sleighing over old Tussey and spent several days among friends on the Branch.

Mrs. W. B. Ward went to the Altoona hospital last week to consult a specialist before undergoing an operation.

Henry Clay Houch attended the Aunt Mary Smith funeral on Monday of last week. Burial was made at Centre Line graveyard.

Hersel Harpster and wife and John Houch were at the old family home on Wednesday of last week taking a hand at sausage stuffing.

The venerable Peter Corl has gone to the German hospital in Philadelphia to consult a specialist in regard to an operation.

Elmer C. Musser is again in hard luck. Several years ago he had his left arm broken. Recently, while he and his son Paul were falling timber on Tussey mountain, a tree lodged and in making an effort to ground it, it gave a sudden lurch and pinned Elmer to the earth. Paul, being unable to extricate his father, made a hurried trip for assistance from neighbors down the valley, and for more than an hour Elmer was held fast in the snow. Help finally arrived and he was rescued and taken home. One of his legs was badly shattered below the knee. He will be laid up for some time.

Miss Sadie Glenn, an elderly lady of Baileyville, barely escaped with her life one night recently. While crossing over to her sister Nannie's room about midnight she made a mis-step and fell down a stairway. Her left arm was fractured and her body and head painfully bruised. She is bearing up heroically and getting along as well as one could expect.

Claude Williams and John and Catherine Kepler enjoyed the sleighing and spent Sunday recently at the J. H. Williams home at Bloomdorf.

Mrs. Esther Riche and sister, Mrs. Sue Fry, came down from the Mountain City and have been visiting their parental home, that of L. H. Osman, at Pine Hall.

J. M. Weiland suffered a stroke of paralysis at Boalsburg last Tuesday night which has affected his left side, and arm, but he is now on the mend, but just when he will be able to move and take charge of his new possessions in Lebanon County is a question.

After a month's visit in the middle West, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Campbell returned home a few days ago, delighted with their trip and stay, but since they had cold weather and snow all along the route, the mercury at times being fifteen below zero, they have not decided to follow Horace Greeley's advice.

Washington Lodge P. of H. at a regular meeting held at this place installed their newly elected officers. Pastmaster John S. Dale despatching business to a finish.

The officers installed follow:

G. Mac Fry, master.

S. I. Corl, overseer.

Mrs. Mary Corl, recording secretary.

Foster Musser, solicitor.

Bertha Corl, financial secretary.

N. C. Neidigh, chaplain.

J. D. Neidigh, treasurer.

J. M. Corl, steward.

Waldo Corl, assistant steward.

Vida Corl, lady asst. steward.

J. P. Woolford, gate-keeper.

Ladies committee—Mrs. W. K. Corl,

ceres, Mrs. N. C. Neidigh, pomona; Mrs.

J. P. Woolford, flora; Mrs. H. N. Koch,

organist. The exercises were followed

by a feast which was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Frances Patterson is using scissors

and needle and doing some sewing

at the C. M. Dale home on the Branch.

Mrs. Lizzie Tyson, of Greensburg, is

visiting the home of her youth here.

N. E. Hess is having his old farm

home on the Branch wired for electric

light and local power.

John Houch, of Bellefonte, was here

visiting with his parents just west of

town the latter part of the week.

Reports from Philadelphia are that

Peter Corl rallied nicely from the operation

for the removal of a growth on his neck.

Mrs. Maggie Gates spent the latter

part of the week on a business trip to

Altoona.

Isaac Woomer is off on a month's visit

with relatives in New Jersey.

Charles Auman, of Walnut Grove, left

Friday for the West and expects to locate

for the present at or near Dover, Minn.

Demer Nihart, of Dover, Minn.,

has been visiting old chums of his boy-

hood days down Penns valley the past

two weeks, returning Saturday to his

western home, where he is making good

ticks of the wire brought the sad

news of the death of George T. Miller,

who passed away at the home of his

daughter Clara, at Tyrone, at 5 o'clock

on Sunday afternoon from cancer of the

stomach. He was born in Shingletown

60 years ago. His wife, who was Nannie

Meek, died last Memorial Day, at their

old home west of Pine Grove Mills.

Since that time he has made his home

with his five children in and about Altoona.

Burial was made from the train

Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock in the

new cemetery.

A jolly crowd of sledders took the N.

C. Neidigh home by storm Friday night

and confiscated everything eatable in

sight. The Neidighs are noted enter-

tainers, so that the evening hours passed

swiftly. Miss Lizzie Tyson, of Greens-

burg, was the guest of honor.

N. J. Dale, our furniture dealer, at-

tended the inauguration ceremonies at

Harrisburg.

At the last regular meeting of the O.

I. A., Tussey Council, No. 515, Past

Counsellor W. H. Glenn installed the

following newly elected officers:

A. L. Barwell, counsellor.

G. C. Corl, vice counsellor.

G. R. Dunlap, Jr., vice counsellor.

J. R. Smith, secretary.

W. A. Gummo, assistant secretary.

J. L. Murphy, financial secretary.

W. Hammill Glenn, treasurer.

Robert W. Reed, warden.

N. A. Miller, conductor.

F. B. Krebs, inside sentinel.

Tom Stover, outside sentinel.

J. A. Decker, chaplain.

C. H. Martz, J. A. Decker, G. R.

Dunlap, trustees.

Fred R. Fry, representative to State

Council. W. R. Decker, alternate.

The Council is in fine working order,

having some new material on the slate

and \$1700 in its coffers.

To feel strong, have good appetite and

digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life,

use Burdock Blood Bitters, the fami-

ly system tonic. Price, \$1.00.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 in ad-

vance.

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Castleberry, of Salem, Ohio, visited in town during the past week.

Miss Agnes Swartz, has returned to

Tyrone, after visiting with her father

and sister.

Miss Maud McMullen has departed,

for Tyrone to visit friends.

Mrs. Nancy Proudfoot, who is visiting

her daughter Mrs. Klinger, at Bellefonte

is ill at the present writing.

Miss Nancy Kelley, of Yarnell, spent

Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shroy-

er.

Miss Anna Shroyer, of Yarnell, spent

Sunday at her home.

Mrs. L. A. Haupt, of Tyrone, spent

Wednesday of last week with Mr. and

Mrs. P. H. Haupt.

Mrs. Henry Schindler is ill at the

present writing.

Mrs. Howard Heaton and daughter,

Beatie, have returned home after visiting

friends in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ulrich have moved

to Spring Mills, where Mr. Ulrich is

employed.

The Misses Miller, of Mill Hall, re-

cently visited their sister, Mrs. R. R.

Williams.

Mrs. Flem Poorman, of Holt's Hollow,

is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lucas.

Howard Spear has gone to Youngs-

town, Ohio, where he is to be employed.

James Noll, of Tyrone, spent Sunday

with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George

Noll.

Mrs. James Noll, of Pleasant Gap,

made a business trip to our town.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Green, of Altoona

are visiting with Mrs. Mary Boileau.

Mrs. Bella Confer and Mrs. Elsie

Leird, of Bellefonte, visited with Mrs.

Edward Spear on Saturday.

Miss Gladys Glenn spent Sunday with

her aunt, Mrs. Laird, at Bellefonte.

Mrs. David Wyland and Paul have

returned home from Akron, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, of Orviston,

are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. H. T.

Mann.

Miss Margaret Miles is visiting friends

in Tyrone.

William Lucas was taken seriously ill

on last Friday.

C. T. Miles of Altoona, spent Sunday

with his parents.

A sled load of our young people took a

trip to Roopsburg to Mr. and Mrs. Fish-

er's. They returned in time for break-

fast, saying they had thoroughly enjoyed

themselves.

Several sledloads from Unionville and

Intercession have been to the revival

services in the M. E. Church.

It is with deep sorrow we report the

death of our beloved brother, Lyman T.

Eddy. Mr. Eddy had been ill for some

time with cancer of the stomach. He

knew that the end was near and met it

with a cheerful heart. Last Thursday

Mr. Eddy became much worse and on

Saturday night at 7 minutes of twelve

the end came. Mr. Eddy was born Jan. 30

1841, making him at the time of his

death 73 years, 11 months and 16 days.

He was a member of the M. E. Church,

and a consistent christian. He was choir

leader and Superintendent of the Sun-

day school for years. He was a leader

of the people of this town. For a num-

ber of years he was employed with the

McCoy & Linn Iron Works, located, be-

tween Milesburg and Bellefonte. In

many ways he will be missed.

He leaves to survive him his wife,

Mrs. Eddy, and one daughter, Mrs. Cal-

vin Zimmerman, also three grandchild-

ren, Margaret and Malcolm, at home,

and L. Eddy Zimmerman, of Bellefonte.

Services were held in the M. E.

Church on Tuesday Jan. 19th, and inter-

ment was made in the Bellefonte union

cemetery.

There is no death! The stars go down

To rise upon some fairer shore;

And bright in heaven's jeweled crown

They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread

Shall change, beneath the summer showers,

To golden grain or mellow fruit.

Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form

Walks o'er the earth with silent tread:

He bears our best loved things away:

And then we call them—dead.

Born into that undying life

They leave us but to come again:

With joy we welcome them—the same,

Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, tho' unseen,

The dear immortal spirit leads:

For all the boundless universe

Is life! There are no dead.

M. L. McCORMY.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded

the following real estate transfers:

Hannah Luse to Clement W. Luse,

tract in Centre Hall Boro.; \$1.

J. Will Kepler, et al, to Margaret

Grove, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$350.

Jacob Winkleblech, et ux, to James G.

Winkleblech, tract in Miles Twp.; \$450.

William L. Foster, et al, to Arthur J.

Wood, tract in College Twp.; \$350.

Lusia J. Phelps, et al, Trustees, to

Charles Steele, tracts in Centre and

Clinton Counties, known as "Washing-

ton Furnace" lands; \$55,000.

Alice A. Robb to Emanuel Corman,

tract in Bellefonte Boro.; \$2,000.

William J. Snyder, et ux to Earl W.

Motz, tract in Haines Twp.; \$25.

William P. Humes, et al, to Juliet

Mignot, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; \$200.

Charles H. Watson to Charles Grey

Watson, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$1.

Howard.

Richard Holmes transacted business in

Bellefonte on Saturday of last week.

Lloyd Harvey and mother, Mrs.

George Harvey, attended the funeral of

Mrs. Oscar Harvey at Bellefonte last

Friday.

Mrs. Benjamin Wyland and daughter

visited another daughter at Eagleville on

Saturday.

Miss Emma Pletcher was a shopping

visitor in Bellefonte last week.

Miss Zelma Sullenberger was in Lock

Haven on Saturday attending to some

shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Heaton, of Miles-

burg, visited last Thursday with friends

in Howard.

Mrs. George L. Williams visited for a

day recently with friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg,

visited here over Sunday with her pa-

rents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Schenck were

shopping visitors in Lock Haven one day

last week.

Mrs. Myrtle Miles, of Altoona, is visit-

ing with her brother, Charles Walizer,

and family.

Russell Lynn, of Beech Creek, was the

guest of his friend, Kline Wolf, over

Sunday.

Miss Emma Miller and Miss Lydia

Bechdel, of Blanchard, were over-Sunday

An Intended Surprise

It Resulted In an Outcome Not Intended

By RUTH GRAHAM

There is a great difference between Europe and America in the arrangement of marriages. There the betrothal to set up a nest in which to live and rear children is the principal part of making a match; here our girls are inclined to pay more attention to whether or not they love and are loved.

Genevieve Thorpe met no man whom she cared to marry until she met Howard Tisdale. Though Howard was twenty-five years old, he had not made any advancement in money making. Indeed, he was on a salary and a small salary, at that.

It did not appear that Genevieve had anything. She and her mother, a widow, lived very plainly, the daughter occupying a salaried position. Nevertheless when Howard showed by his manner that he was pleased with her she encouraged him. His attentions grew more pointed, but he did not propose because he saw no hope of being able to be married. He was wise enough to understand that the care of a family without an adequate income would be misery for all concerned. One day he said to Genevieve:

"You and I must part company. Heaven knows that it will be a hardship to me, but marriage is the inevitable result of an intimacy such as ours. I would gladly ask you to be my wife, but I have a salary of only \$800 a year. You cannot be married and continue in your position—at least, it would not have you do so. It follows that our ways must part."

"Unless you love me well enough to take every risk, I admit you are right," was Genevieve's reply.

"Do you mean that you love me well enough to take all risks with me—to live on the miserable pittance which I am earning and which I have no assurance that I shall continue to earn, to pinch and struggle and see those dependent upon you and me suffering for want of comforts, even necessities, that we cannot give them?"

"I mean to say that I wish to marry and be married for love or not at all."

"When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window."

"True love begets energy to provide for its enjoyment and will endure anything."

There was a silence between them, which was broken by Howard:

"Very well, Genevieve, will you marry me?"

"I will."

Then followed a period of planning. Howard, who insisted on beginning married life with no other person under the same roof, was for renting two or three rooms in a cheap locality. Genevieve argued that they had better take a little house of their own, even if they rented a room or two to a lodger. Howard objected to this on the ground that they might not secure the lodger, and if they did a third person in such close contact with them would be apt to make trouble. He was in favor of keeping aloof from every one.

These debates lasted some time and were finally ended by Genevieve, who handed her lover the key to her desk in a sewing room on the second floor and told him to go upstairs, unlock the desk and look in an inside drawer on the right. Howard did as he had been bidden.

Genevieve had planned a very pleasant surprise. Some years before an aunt of hers, for whom she had been named, dying, had bequeathed to her savings amounting to about \$8,000. The property had come to her in a deed for a small house and some pass-books in savings banks. These with a number of other papers, consisting of vouchers, etc., Genevieve had placed in the drawer of her desk and had never used principal or interest. She was at the time she received the legacy earning her own and her mother's living and intended to hold on to her nest egg in case she should marry.

Genevieve waited, expecting Howard to return, having found the evidence of her little fortune, with a radiant countenance and take her in his arms. She had long looked forward to this moment, expecting that it would be the happiest in her life. A time sufficient for Howard to discover the evidences of her fortune elapsed, and he did not return. She resolved to wait a little longer. Still she heard nothing from him. At last, wondering what could be delaying him, she ran upstairs to the room where she kept her fortune.

The desk was open. The contents of the drawer were spread out on it, but there was no one in the room.

"Howard!" she called, thinking that her lover was hiding from her.

There was no reply.

"Howard!" she called again with a tinge of anxiety in her voice.

The silence was unbroken. She opened a closet door, the only hiding place in the room, then went out into the hall and searched everywhere. There was a back staircase, and, descending it, she looked about on the main floor. A door opened from this rear staircase to the back yard, and it stood ajar. She remembered to have closed it not long before, and there was no one except herself in the house to open it.

Genevieve was terror-stricken. Howard, instead of having returned to her after the glad surprise she had intended

for him, had left her. Something momentous had happened. Was he gone for a short time or forever? The uncertainty was agonizing. Returning to the desk, she looked among the papers spread out upon it for some written word from him. There was nothing but the documents pertaining to her little fortune, and none of those was missing.

The day passed and Howard did not appear. The next morning brought the postman, but no letter from her lover. A week, a month went by and the mystery was unsolved.

Meanwhile Genevieve's mother had made a hypothetical explanation in the hope of drawing her daughter's mind from her trouble by ending the suspense. She said that Howard had entered upon the match loving another sweetheart and had disappeared without an explanation because he had not the courage to make one. Genevieve was not in the least moved by this theory. She believed that there was some mystery connected with her lover's disappearance which when explained would show that he had not acted unworthily.

A year passed, during which Genevieve hoped either for Howard's return or at least a solution of the mystery of his desertion of her. The postman never left a letter at the house that she did not receive it with a rapidly beating heart. The doorbell never rang but that she hoped Howard was about to enter. There was never a man's footstep on the floor above or below her but what she said to herself, "Is it he?"

Genevieve was not satisfied that Howard had not left some word or token for her that she had failed either to find or to recognize. Again and again she went through the desk, pried into every crack, hoping to find a slip of paper that had with the predisposition of inanimate things to hide fallen under cover. Nothing was discovered by these searches. But Genevieve in her hunt did something she had never done before—she examined those papers which had come to her after her aunt's death that did not pertain to the legacy.

By this she made a startling discovery—her aunt had been secretly married. There was an envelope containing several letters beginning "Dearest Genevieve" and ending "Your loving husband." Then suddenly there rushed in upon the girl's brain an explanation of the mystery. Howard had happened upon these letters.

What was more natural than that he should suppose he had discovered a secret implicating the girl he loved? She had sent him to look upon the evidence of her little fortune without being aware that this evidence of a marriage of one whose name she bore was among the papers. What was to be expected at such a discovery? Either that he would return to upbraid her or flee from her. The latter course was what she believed, from her knowledge of him, he would be the more likely to take.

And now what should she do? She did not believe that this secret marriage had ever been imparted to her mother, and she determined not to impart it now. But Howard! How could she find him to disabuse him of the mistake he had made? Alas, he might have gone to the other side of the globe; he might have succeeded in banishing her from his mind; he might have another love—a wife.

It did not require a long while for Genevieve to make up her mind that she was powerless to reach him.

Another year and still another another passed, neither of which was any more comfortable than the first. Indeed, when the desertion occurred there were occasional flashes of anger, which helped Genevieve temporarily to change from grief to anger; now there was the tantalizing sensation that she stood in a false position, yet was powerless to explain.

One morning she received an envelope addressed in Howard's handwriting. She tore it open and withdrew a check payable to her order for \$500. But there was nothing more.

Hope sprang within her. Howard, despite his fancied discovery, still loved her. Why he had sent this money she did not know. She made every effort to discover his location from the bank on which the check was drawn, but failed. Then she asked the bank to return it to the maker. This it agreed to do, and another six months passed with no further news from the missing man.

One day a telegram came from Howard: "I am ill. Come to me."

He had broken down at last. Following the address at the head of the telegram she took a train and the next day reached the city wherein she was to find the man who had left her several years before. She found him in a hospital and on reaching his bedside threw herself down beside him and folded him in her arms.

"Have I been wrong?" he asked.

"Did you read the letters to Genevieve from her husband?"

"I did."

"Genevieve was my aunt."

"Oh, heavens!"

He trembled, and Genevieve, realizing that as an invalid he should be comforted, begged him to forget his blunder, that they had many years before them.

He had wealth enough to take measures to obliterate so far as it could be obliterated the terrible mistake he had made. On his recovery they went on a long wedding trip, with a view to mingling in new scenes by which to drive their mishap from their minds. In time they returned and lived in the house the wife had inherited from her aunt and which Genevieve had intended as a surprise for her lover when he had proposed to begin life in a couple of rooms.

Mistaken For a Spy

By SARAH BAXTER

When the great European war broke out I was in Berlin. Being a woman and not brave, I concluded that I had better remain where I was than try to get back to America. So I stuck to my quarters in the capital, though I displayed an American flag at my window and visited the embassy to make sure my passport was all right.

By October the lines of traffic over the Atlantic had become safe, and hearing that I could get passage at Rotterdam for New York I concluded to venture upon a trip home. The only danger in my personal life lay in the fact of my accent. We Bostonians use the broad "a" like the English, and on this account I was liable to be taken for an Englishwoman.

At the time I started the allies in the west were engaged in repulsing the attacks of the Germans in France and a part of Belgium which was still occupied by the Belgians. Having crossed the Meuse I fell in with the German army in the rear of the line of trenches which was being held as a reserve. I was conducted to the headquarters of the general commanding, and my passport was examined by an officer of his staff who spoke English, but with the usual accent of a German. After a few questions he left me, but soon returned.

"There is fighting on the route you must take, and it would not be safe to proceed just now. The general desires that you join him at dinner, and we will see that you have a comfortable place to sleep."

I was sorry for the delay, but exercised patience, especially since I was to be well treated. Some British prisoners were brought in during the day, and I went among them, chatting with them. I noticed that they all supposed me to be English, several of them asking from what part of England I hailed. This troubled me, for there were German officers and soldiers present, and I was quite sure that at least one of the officers was listening to our conversation.

I dined with the general and several members of his staff. There was also another woman present besides myself, who spoke English fluently. Indeed, not every one would know whether she was English or German, though to me she betrayed her nationality in certain words that a German can never pronounce. For the "w" she used a "v." For a "g" she used "sh." But it seemed to me that she must have learned English while young, for these peculiarities of German pronunciation were very slight.

After dinner the men arose and said that they would smoke outside, giving us two ladies an opportunity to enjoy each other's society for a short time. They had scarcely left us alone together when my companion's manner changed completely. She drew her seat very near me and whispered:

"I am not German. I am English. I have very important information of the German forces which I wish to carry to England. But there are officers between me and the coast who know me, and if I proceed I will be arrested for a spy. If you will carry a bit of paper through the lines to General French's headquarters you will save the lives of hundreds, thousands, of our countrymen."

This speech frightened me dreadfully. I arose and attempted to leave the woman, convinced that she was really working upon me for some purpose which I did not know. She caught me by the skirt and held me, looking up at me with an expression which was intended for terror, but which I believed was feigned.

"Do not betray me!" she cried in a smothered voice. "It will mean death to me!"

"Let me go," I retorted. "I am not English. I am American."

The woman held me, imploring me not to betray her. I told her that I had no interest in her whatever. I was neither German nor English, but a native and a citizen of a neutral country. She played her part admirably, and for a moment such was the agony she assumed that I almost believed her. But I remembered how she had betrayed herself in her speech and refused to credit her.

I pulled myself away from her and fled. Outside the general and the other officers who had retired from the dinner table were seated on camp chairs smoking. They arose as I appeared and turned toward me.

"General," I said, "I wish to proceed on my journey at once. You have set this woman upon me to see if I am what I pretend or a spy. She is not English, which you know as well as I. She is German, though she speaks English better than any German I ever met. But when she tells me she is not a German I know better. I am an American bearing an American passport, and I demand to be allowed to proceed on my journey to Rotterdam, where I hope to find passage to my home in America."

The general broke into a laugh in which the other officers joined. The man who had examined my passport said to me:

"Why, if you are an American, do you use the broad 'a' like the English?"

"Because I am a Bostonian." I was not only permitted to proceed at once, but was furnished with transportation and an escort. I reached Rotterdam a few days before the sailing of a steamer for America and secured a passage in her.

ALCOR, THE DOUBLE STAR.

Much Brighter Now Than It Was in the Tenth Century.

The two stars, Mizar and Alcor, form a double star system which can easily be perceived by the naked eye. This was not the case formerly, as the Arab used the resolution of the system into its two components as a test for good eyes.

It would seem, therefore, that this star has increased in brightness since the tenth century, a supposition which is supported by the fact that it is not mentioned by the ancients.

The history of this star was familiar to astronomers when it was found, in 1907, that Alcor is itself a double star. It is now discovered by Harlow Shapley that Alcor varies in brightness, the variations having a feeble amplitude and a short period. The spectrum type of Alcor, which is a star A5—that is to say, a white star with hydrogen predominating and the doubling of the lines—announces a variation of the Alcor type, by eclipse rather than continuous variation.

It is supposed that there exists a couple of elliptic stars very close together and inclined on their orbit in such a way that the mutual eclipse is feeble or almost nothing, the variations of brightness resulting from their marked ellipticity. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SUGAR MAKES YOU GROW.

That, It Seems, Is Why Our Girls Are Becoming Taller.

English and American girls just reaching womanhood, and the next generation in its early teens, are unusually tall, standing a head or more above their mothers. This has been remarked on over and over again, and has been the subject of learned disquisitions. Yet no generally accepted cause for the fact has been given up to this time.

Now comes a London physician of note and says that it is simply a case of lengthened sweetness. By "sweetness" in this particular case the nature of the young ladies is not referred to, but their diet. In fact, statistics of recent years show that Americans and Britons of both sexes are increasing in height and weight. Why? The physician referred to says it is sugar. Great Britain and America are the sugar eating nations of the world and have quadrupled their saccharine consumption in the last score of years.

This is now the best explanation of an accepted fact, and it will have to stand until a better one comes along. —London Tit Bits.

Clearing the Atmosphere.

In his capacity of dramatic critic Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the author, wrote a notice of the play of "Charles I." in which living playing under the management of Mr. Bateman. His criticism deeply incensed the manager. In order perhaps to find the opportunity of informing the critic of his disapproval, the manager invited him to a supper at the Westminster club on the second or third night of the production. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived Mr. Bateman led the conversation to the point at issue and, emphatically banging the table with his fist, declared in the loudest of tones that he did not produce his plays at the Lyceum theater to please Mr. Comyns Carr. There was a moment's awkward silence, which Mr. Carr confessed he did not feel quite able to break, but which was released by a wit of the company with the happy retort, "Well, dear boy, then you can't be surprised if they don't please him."

When Coal Fires Were Barred.

Fires were at one time a great luxury in England, and even the right to use the fire had been bequeathed. Thus the will of one Richard Byrthett (1516) read:

"I will ye sayd Nell my wyfe shal have ye chamber she lyes in and lyberte at ye fyre in the house; all ye thyngs shal she have so long as she ys wyde."

Coal was first imported into London at the end of the thirteenth century, but the smoke produced by burning it in improperly constructed grates caused such a prejudice against it that in 1306 a law was passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city. The Tower records give details of a man's trial and execution for the offense. —London Graphic.

Food and the Human Body.

The chemical composition of the human body and of the food we take is quite similar. About twenty elements are found chiefly, with a trace of others. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus and sulphur are the chief. Sixty per cent of our bodies is water, and probably a like percentage exists in our food. Mineral matter exists in our food and in our bodies to about 6 per cent of weight. —Eating to Live.

It seems that bluff King Henry VIII. was the first person who wore a collar in any way resembling those of the present day. An old historian writes of the monarch as the first English king that wore a band around his neck and that very plain and an inch or two in depth.

Boxwood.

One of the most expensive woods used regularly in an established industry in the United States is boxwood, the favorite material for wood engraving. It has been quoted at 4 cents a cubic inch and about \$1,300 for the thousand board feet.

All the world's a stage, and nearly all of us are getting the hook.

THE ART OF LOVE

A Lecture on How to Secure a Husband

By F. A. MITCHEL

Mrs. Matilda Robbins, a widow of fifty, who had buried four husbands, announced that she would give private lectures in the parlor of her home to young ladies on how to get husbands. A lecture would be given every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

On the first afternoon a numerous audience were gathered in the lecturer's parlor.

Mrs. Robbins spoke as follows:

Young ladies, you have doubtless derived your ideas as to woman's part in a courtship from novels, and that is the reason why you are not married. The heroine of a novel is usually so modest that she doesn't dare say her soul's her own. There's more accomplished in this world in other fields besides matrimony by assurance than modesty and more accomplished by management than by assurance.

The best way to teach is by example. Therefore I shall put this lecture in the form of a story. But it's a real story, not an invention. The heroine didn't sit round and look pretty. She was up and doing. That's what we must all be in this world if we want to get on. Do you suppose a young fellow who wants a position whereby to start a fortune sits round and waits for it? No; he goes out and hunts for it. And when he gets it does he modestly wait for somebody to tell him to do things? Not if he wants to succeed. He does everything without being told and before it's wanted. That's the part of a young fellow starting out to fix himself in the world, and you young ladies should act on the same principle.

Now for my story of the way one young lady secured a husband.

Her name was Jones. Sarah Jones, just plain Sarah Jones, not Maltravers or Montmorency, like the heroines of novels, or Gwendolin or Jaquelin for a first name. A girl doesn't need a high sounding name to get a husband; she needs something that I'm going to tell you about. Sarah Jones the day she was eighteen sat down and did a job of thinking. She wasn't long about it, for she was an acting girl, and when she had got her thinking done she acted at once on her decision. That decision was that her place was in a home as a wife and the mother of children.

Sallie Jones didn't go at things blindly; she thought them out beforehand. She knew that she couldn't get married if restricted to the society of girls. So she joined a dancing class. She couldn't afford it, but she had to afford it, and whatever has to be done is done if the party to do it is of the right stuff. She had her eye fixed on that dancing class, and she joined without knowing where the money to pay her way was to come from. There were twenty young men members and twenty-five girls.

Miss Jones realized that there is safety in numbers but for the man she was after, not for her. She didn't go fooling about among the twenty men. She picked out a steady young fellow and made up her mind to land him. His name was Abel Rogers. Nothing romantic about his name either. Rogers didn't have anything except what he was getting together himself, but he was frugal and a hard worker.

The first thing Sallie did was to let Abel Rogers understand that she liked him. She didn't pout when he danced with some other girl more than with her or look troubled if he didn't dance with her at all. She smiled on him when he came back after a lack of attention just as pleasantly as if he hadn't neglected her.

This sort of work has been called angling, and so it is. A skillful fisherman if a fish doesn't bite right off wouldn't think of trying to jerk the hook into its gills, and when it does bite he doesn't try to haul it out of the water all at once. Some fish can be caught that way, but a gamey fish needs to be allowed to play itself out. So it is with a man. First get him on the hook, then play him.

We like those who like us, and Abel Rogers, being aware that Sallie liked him, was disposed to like her. There was nothing deceitful about this in Sallie. She really liked him or she wouldn't have tried to catch him. There is a difference in a girl showing a man that she likes him and showing him she wants him. Showing it would end uncertainty, and uncertainty is the life by which she must pull him in after getting the hook in his gills. Abel knew nothing about Sallie's feelings for him except that she liked him. She might have liked several other men and loved one other.

It wasn't long before Sallie found an opportunity to favor Abel above other men. He came one evening to the dancing class after an absence, having no partners engaged. Sallie turned down several names on her engagement card to give the dances to him. This was an excellent way of showing him her good will without indicating that she coveted his attention. Perhaps there are some among you who will not see the distinction I make here, but I assure you it is one of no little importance.

Abel felt not only that some return was due for this kindly act, but that he gave him pleasure to make a return. He invited Sallie to go to drive with

him. That was the time before automobiles came. I am not in favor of autos for courting purposes. There is too much rapid motion, and the driver's attention must be constantly on his machine, to say nothing of his grip being on the steering wheel. Abel and Sallie drove out in a box buggy behind a lazy going horse. Everything pertaining to love in its early stages is zephyr-like, though I admit the climax or a brief period just before the climax may be in the nature of a hurricane. There was just a suspicion of perfume about Sallie, so delicate that it could only have come from articles that had been kept in sandalwood drawers or, more likely, in a mouchoir case. It was very entrancing to Abel, and as they rolled slowly over the smooth road, the reins lying loosely on the horse's back, Abel had nothing to think of except the girl beside him.

Sallie had by this time come to the most difficult part of her work. Every man doubtless thinks that some time he will be married and have a home. But marriage to him is like old age to all of us. It is—I mean it seems—far distant. The bachelor thinks of the present. Some men do not like to give up their liberty for the obligations of matrimony; some, who expect to do so in time, never find a convenient season. All men must be won. Only widowers or old bachelors, tired of their bachelorhood, marry intentionally.

Abel Rogers was looking forward to the day when, having accumulated a competence, he would settle down and take a wife. It was the business of Sallie Jones to break through this future intention and make it a present one. And here, again, girls' work shows a similarity to men's work. Many men who have good address and are excellent talkers fall in putting through schemes because they cannot bring the person on whom they are working to the point. Girls also often fall in landing a man whom they have got to the water's edge.

Mr. Rogers, having been brought thus far, bid fair to remain with the hook in his gills slopping about in the water. The timid girl, having thus far succeeded and being balked, would remain in statu quo. The rash girl would jerk the line, break it, and the fish would go swimming away merrily. The wise girl would use a landing net.

That is what Sallie Jones did. She used a landing net. But even a landing net may be used carelessly or at least injudiciously. Miss Jones studied out whatever she did. After a few months of dallying on the part of Mr. Rogers she set up a rival—not a real, bona fide rival, but one merely to excite a bit of suspicion. Indeed, by this time she was considered by the young men to belong to Abel Rogers, and it was not easy for her to secure a rival.

Abel did not seem very much frightened. At any rate, he showed no sign of being brought to terms. Perhaps he was thinking that he couldn't afford to marry or that, after all, it wouldn't be such a hardship to let Sallie Jones go to another.

The experiment having failed, Miss Jones resolved upon another. She became suddenly very gracious to Mr. Rogers. At the same time she noticed that whenever he asked her to go out with him she made some excuse. It did not occur to him that the excuse was not valid. He supposed he happened to ask her at times when she was engaged.

One evening Mr. Rogers called on Miss Jones and waited in the parlor while he was announced. On a lounge lay a piece of white satin, a long white veil and some orange blossoms. While the gentleman was inspecting them, a vague suspicion as to the reason for their being there breaking through into his brain, a maid entered hurriedly, gathered up the articles mentioned and with a look at Rogers indicating that it had not been intended he should have seen them, carried them out of the room.

By this time it seemed to Mr. Rogers that he stood on the edge of a precipice and was about to topple over. When the maid re-entered with a message from Miss Jones asking to be excused, since she was very busy, he caught at the mantle for support.

Could it be possible that the girl he had been hanging about so long was going to be married?

The proper thing for Mr. Rogers to do was to excuse the lady on whom he had called and go away. He did no such thing. He sent a message to her begging her to see him for only a few moments.

She came. To carry out her supposed plan she should be in sewing dress. She knew better. She wore the most becoming costume for ordinary wear she possessed. When she saw Mr. Rogers looking as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe she regarded him with a gaze of interested surprise.

"Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed frantically. "How could you have done it?"

"Done what?"

"You are about to be married?"

"I?"

"Yes. Don't deny it. I have seen the wedding dress, the veil, the orange blossoms."

"You have?"

"Yes. I suppose I should not reproach you, but it is maddening. After all my devotion—Who is the man? I demand to know!"

Young ladies, I have gone far enough in my illustration. This is not a love story; it is a lecture. I trust that I have made myself plain and that I may have been of benefit in bringing about for some of you that state which is woman's part to fill. The next lecture will be given on next Friday afternoon at the same hour. Those who have not procured course tickets may procure them for \$2 each. I bid you good evening.

Incognita

By F. A. MITCHEL

It so happened that King Caspar of Walkaria and Queen Bertha of Zingeland inherited their kingdoms when very young. Their domains joined, but they had never met, for during their childhood their fathers had been at continual warfare. When these two kings died—about the same time—the cabinets of both countries decided to make a match between the young king and the young queen.

Queen Bertha would not consent to the match without some acquaintance with the man she was to marry. She therefore insisted on their meeting in one of her palaces near the border line between the two kingdoms, the king to be attended by three men and the queen by three women. To this the king gladly assented.

Before leaving for the rendezvous the queen said to a maid of honor, who was also her bosom friend: "I wish you to exchange places with me at this meeting, you to personate me, I to personate you. This will be easy, for I have purposely limited the number of my attendants so that there are only two besides ourselves to be in the secret."

When the king met the substitute queen, whose name was Catherine, he was well pleased with her, for not only the queen herself, but her attendants, were beautiful women. Bertha had charged Catherine to treat her with some severity lest by her accustomed deference she betray the secret. During the first interview Catherine spoke to Bertha somewhat sharply, and the king's notice was turned from the spurious to the real queen, who bore the reproach with becoming meekness. Indeed, King Caspar was charmed that the maid showed no temper whatever, while the reproach, which seemed to be uncalled for, prejudiced him against her supposed mistress.

Queen Bertha had gone to the meeting with no other object than to overlook her future husband incognito. But from the moment she saw him she was much smitten with him and resolved to win him if possible. She directed Catherine to lose no opportunity to show her severity while in the king's presence. Catherine, who was an excellent actress, played her part remarkably well. Did she order the queen to do her any service, no matter how speedily the duty was performed, the spurious queen would reprimand her. At such times the real queen would cast down her eyes, bearing the injustice with angelic sweetness.

One morning Catherine sent Bertha to the royal garden for some flowers and when she returned scolded her for not getting the kind she wished. Nevertheless she handed several of the choicest to King Caspar, whose brows were knit at the harsh treatment of the maid of honor. Taking the gift, he selected the most beautiful flower, a rose, and handed it to Bertha. As might have been expected had the play been a reality, Catherine after this, with the queen's concurrence, redoubled her harshness to Bertha, who availed herself of the opportunity to show herself an angel of patience. This excited the king's sympathy and admiration for the poor maid to such an extent that he resolved to break off the negotiations.

When Bertha considered the fruit ripe for plucking she contrived to meet the king in a corridor in the palace as he by chance. He stopped her and, despite her pretended efforts to get by him, forced her to chat with him. This she did with her eyes bent upon the door in well affected modesty. While they were together a door opened and Catherine came out into the corridor. With fire in her eye she ordered Bertha to her room, then said to the king: "If this is a sample of your majesty's constancy I think we had better go no further in this matter."

"As your majesty pleases," replied the king with a formal bow.

Thus was the king turned from one woman to another. Queen Bertha and her maids of honor returned to Zingeland and King Caspar to Walkaria. But the king did not remain there long before he took a step which he must take with great care, since his desire to marry the queen of Zingeland had made him unpopular in both kingdoms. He sent a confidential friend to Zingeland to learn if he could marry one whom he supposed to be the queen's maid of honor.

King Caspar had no hope that he would be permitted the woman of his choice. The queen had shown herself dangerously jealous of her maid of honor and would doubtless refuse his request with some harsh accompanying message. During his messenger's absence he walked the floor impatiently and with anxiety, waiting for his answer.

His emissary returned with a surprise, announcing that the maid was the queen and the queen was the maid. Without losing a moment the king mounted his horse and, summoning his secret, rode night and day to the capital of Zingeland and, appearing before Queen Bertha bespattered with mud from his quick ride, knelt before her and kissed her hand. When he looked up he saw her face beat down upon him and with a merriment.

Turning his eyes to a maid of honor standing by the queen, he saw Catherine looking at him with the same amused expression.

And so it was that the two kingdoms were united and there were no more wars.

PROFIT IN GOLDEN SEAL

A Woodland Crop That May Be Cultivated With Little Trouble.

Speaking of plants that may be cultivated with little trouble and with profit to the grower, a writer in Green's Fruit Grower advises those who have a bit of unused woodland or underbrush to plant golden seal. He considers it one of the most remunerative of plants to raise and says that it requires very little care.

The roots of this plant sold fifteen years ago at 30 cents a pound. The price has steadily advanced. The root is now worth \$3.50 a pound, and the dry leaves and stems now sell for 25 cents a pound. It is one of the most widely used drugs known to the modern pharmacopoeia.

At the end of three years you can sort out the mature roots from the young ones and wash and dry them for sale, while you put the young roots back in the ground. At the end of the three years the grower has a yearly crop of roots, and, beginning with the first year, he has a yearly crop of leaves and stems. This is one of the crops on which there is an absolute certainty of a market that will run after you as soon as any golden seal buyer knows you have the goods to sell. Go and ask your druggist or your doctor about the value of golden seal.

WHISTLER AND HIS GROCER.

An Overdue Bill, a Threat and a Payment Not in Cash.

Whistler's financial affairs were the mingled joy and terror of his friends, and the Peppells in their "Life of Whistler" give a most amusing glimpse into this side of his life. On one occasion he had actually run up a bill of £600 with a Chelsea greengrocer, who at last called to insist upon payment. Whistler came out strong on that occasion:

"How—what—why—why, of course, you have sent these things—most excellent things—and they have been eaten, you know, by most excellent people. Think what a splendid advertisement! And sometimes, you know, the salads are not quite up to the mark—the fruit, you know, not quite fresh. And if you go into these unseemly discussions about the bill—well, you know, I shall have to go into discussion about all this, and think how it would hurt your reputation with all these extraordinary people. I think the best thing is not to refer to the past—I'll let it go. And in the future we'll have a weekly account—wiser, you know!"

The greengrocer left without his money, but received in payment two nocturnes, one the blue upright Valparaiso.

A Calamity.

Five-year-old Tot's mother was telling the youngster the story of herself and her twin sister.

"One morning when we were a week old the nurse was bathing us, and she took the blue ribbon off Della's wrist and the pink ribbon off Stella's wrist. When she was ready to put them on again she could not remember which one of us was Della and which was Stella, so she took us in to mother, but mother could not tell either, and no one ever did know whether or not we had our right names. Then when we were seven years old one of us died, and nobody knows whether it was Della or Stella."

Little Tot burst into an agony of tears and sobbed out, "I just know it was my own mother that died when she was seven years old!"—Youth's Companion.

A Rhineland Legend.

There is a Rhineland legend of three German robbers who, having acquired by various atrocities what amounted to a very valuable booty, agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day appointed for this purpose arrived one of them was dispatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return that they might divide his share between them. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together.

A Different Reason.

"What bright eyes you have!" said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy.

"You must get plenty of sleep."

"Yes," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it ain't," replied the youngster. "It's so she can mend my clothes!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Platinum.

Platinum is dissolved by aqua regia, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids. No acid known to chemists, alone, will dissolve this metal, but these two combined, in the proportion of one volume of nitric and three of hydrochloric, will.—New York American.

Safety First.

Bill Burglar—I ain't gonna rob no poor lone woman, I ain't. Mike Thief—What's de matter? Gettin' soft? Bill Burglar—Soft, nothin'. Them lone helpless women's de kind dat half kills ye and then sends you to jail.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Free Nicotine.

By sprinkling tobacco during the curing with a 2 per cent solution of citric acid the free nicotine, which causes the "bite," is eliminated.

Lightship No. 4

By M. QUAD

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One day thirty years ago it was reported to the Trinity board, which has charge of all lights on the coast of Great Britain, that a shoal had made in the English channel about nine miles due east of the Lizard. At the spot indicated there had been thirty fathoms of water ever since a British ship went to sea, and the board, of course, argued that there had been a mistake. It was a fishing craft which had reported the shoal and found only fourteen feet of water over it, and a craft was sent out at once to make an official investigation. What had happened was this: It was a bowlder strewn bottom, and two or three old wrecks had drifted together and piled up on each other until a dangerous obstruction had been formed. It was as if a great rock had been heaved up from the bottom, and the board must guard against the danger without delay.

Thirty years ago the diver's dress was not what it is today, nor could men handle explosives under water as they can now. After two or three vain attempts to clear away the wrecks the work was left for a storm to accomplish, and meanwhile lightship No. 4, under Captain Crox, was moved around from Mounts bay and anchored near the spot and notice given to mariners.

That night it was the captain's watch from 8 till midnight. A gale had come up. It had come 10 o'clock when a sudden hail reached the lightship. The captain was aft and his mate forward, but he knew at once that the hail came from seaward. It was not so dark but that one could see a ship 200 feet away, even though she had no lights aboard.

As soon as a port fire was ignited the sea was lighted up for hundreds of feet around in a ghastly way, and both men looked for the craft they supposed to be near by. They looked in vain till the signal was nearly finished. Then a ship's yawl, driving right up in the teeth of the gale, hove into sight. She was without a mast or sail or oars, and the only figure in her sat in the stern sheets, and his arms and legs were bound around with ropes.

The man was bareheaded and dressed as a landsman, and as he drove past within twenty feet of the rail they had a look square into his eyes, and the agony on his face made them shudder. They started to throw him a rope, but as the coil swung into the air they remembered that, being bound, he could make no use of it. The yawl and the man went straight to windward and in a couple of minutes were out of sight, and the men found themselves all a-tremble. Captain Crox was full of indignation over the crime of sending a man adrift in that manner and of pity for the victim, when his mate touched him on the arm and shouted in his ear:

"If I was ashore, captain, all the money in England would not bribe me to set foot on this deck again!"

"What's the matter with you?" was called in reply. "It's only a bit of shore villainy that we must report."

"It's nothing that's happened ashore, sir. Did you take notice that the craft was driving right in the teeth of the gale? It wasn't a live man in that boat. She was going to windward with a ghost, and I'd give the bit I have in the bank if I'd not seen it."

It was agreed between them that nothing be said to the other watch when they turned out, and they went on duty without knowing or suspecting that anything out of the way had happened.

While carrying the thing out with pretended indifference, Captain Crox was, as a matter of fact, pretty thoroughly upset over it and on turning in found he could not go to sleep. He had been lying on his bunk and turning the thing over in his mind for an hour or so and the gale was still howling and the lightship bouncing about when he realized from the movement of the watch that they had been hauled. He was out of his bunk and on deck just as one of them lighted a port-fire, and you can judge his feelings when he saw the former scene re-enacted. There were the yawl and the man, and the boat slowly forged past them and disappeared to windward.

There was no more sleep for anybody on board No. 4 that night, and next day, when the gale broke and the tender came alongside, all demanded that they be put ashore at once. The captain was as badly rattled as the others. They were guyed and ridiculed, of course, but they stood so firm that the tender brought off another crew, and they were relieved from duty. A new crew was assigned, but the man and the boat appeared to them twice in one night and drove them ashore, as they did the others.

A third crew went out and for two weeks began to prepare to remove the wrecks. Some progress had been made when a 'three days' gale set in from the north, and there were more wrecks than had been known for ten years before. For two days the lightship hung to her anchors, though having a signal of distress out after the first day, but when the gale abated she had disappeared. She had been swept down the channel and out to sea, and a week later she was passed bottom up more than 300 miles away. The same storm broke up and removed the wrecks, and there was no longer need to keep a light at that spot.

Military Music.

"No one in time of peace can understand what war is," writes Rev. Charles E. Jefferson in the Woman's Home Companion. "We may prepare for it, but we do not realize what it is we are preparing for. Military preparations are quite interesting, even exciting. Boys and girls are always fascinated by the paraphernalia of battle. Never have the instruments of war been so intricate and sparkling as now. All the trappings of the military world are alluring."

"Military music is full of piercing notes, which set the corpuscles of the blood dancing. But military music is not the music of war. The music of war is the groans of wounded and dying men and the sobs of broken hearted women. Military music is one of the embroidered veils thrown over the face of war to make boys think that war is glorious."

A Mulberry Tree Legend.

The mulberry, "wisest of trees," as Pliny termed it, really "likes" London and fruits profusely even in the grounds of the Charterhouse, at murky Smithfield. London mulberry trees are mainly derived from a fad of James I., who wanted to found a silk growing industry. With the proverbial folly of a pedant, the British Solomon introduced the black mulberry, disliked by silkworms, instead of the white variety, which forms their food. The black mulberry had been planted by Cardinal Pole at Lambeth in 1555, and there were still older specimens in the garden of Syon House. According to a pretty Greek legend, all mulberries were originally white, but a mulberry tree was growing beside "Ninny's tomb" when Pyramus and Thisbe died there, and the blood of the lovers turned the fruit to its present color.

Their Glee.

"He boasts that he came of a fine old family."

"Yes, and how they must have laughed when he left!"—Judge.

Precaution is better than repentance.—Greek Proverb.

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Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,

Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby

Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train

Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:06 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1915
trains will run as follows from the P. E. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.			
	A. M.	P. M.	
lv. Bellefonte	7:30	10:15	2:00
Coleville	7:35	10:20	2:05
Morris	7:40	10:25	2:10
Stevens	7:45	10:30	2:15
Hunters Park	7:50	10:35	2:20
Pillmore	7:55	10:40	2:25
Waddies	8:00	10:45	2:30
Krumrine	8:05	10:50	2:35
State College	8:10	11:00	2:40
Strables	8:15		2:45
Bloomsdorf	8:20		2:50
Pine Grove Mills	8:25		2:55

* Daily, † Daily except Sunday, "T" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD			
	A. M.	P. M.	
lv. Pine Grove Mills	7:35		2:30
Bloomsdorf	7:40		2:35
Strables	7:45		2:40
State College	7:50	12:00	2:45
Krumrine	7:55		2:50
Waddies	8:00	12:05	2:55
Stevens	8:05	12:10	3:00
Pillmore	8:10	12:15	3:05
Hunters Park	8:15		3:10
Stevens	8:20		3:15
Morris	8:25		3:20
Coleville	8:30	12:40	3:25
Bellefonte	8:35	12:50	3:30

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount of really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 Travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.

Don't suffer longer with RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills. They are made of purest ingredients, and will cure all ailments of the system. Take one or two pills of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS. DIAMOND BRAND. PILLS. For all ailments of the system. Always reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a healthy scalp. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 Bottles.

Here and There.

Lewis Schad was an arrival home from Philadelphia on Monday.
Mrs. John S. Walker departed last Thursday for Philadelphia.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Russel Blair have been visiting in Philadelphia.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George R. Meek on Saturday night, last.

Jerome Harper, of Bitumen, spent several days in town the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Clayton Brown visited with friends in Jersey Shore on Tuesday.

Thomas Frank, of Millheim, visited in town between trains on Friday of last week.

Miss Nancy Burrows, of Tyrone, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cohen visited over Sunday with the Clusters in Lock Haven.

Bad Thompson, of Martha, transacted business in town between trains on Wednesday.

Charles Larimer, of Johnstown, visited here over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Mac Curtin and two children returned last Saturday to their home in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. James B. McClain and daughter, Emily Eliza, returned on Saturday, last, to their home in Spangler.

Joseph Lose, of Philadelphia, visited over Sunday in Bellefonte with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lose.

Mrs. Robert Bell was an arrival in town on Saturday night, coming to assist Mr. Bell with his dancing class.

Jerome Spigelmyer, one of Millheim's substantial citizens, transacted business and greeted numerous friends in town on Friday of last week.

A sermon for men will be delivered next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in St. John's Reformed church. Young men are specially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Shelden, of Stamford, Conn., were called here this week by the critical condition of the former's mother, who passed away on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. George Rhoads last Thursday underwent a severe operation at the Bellefonte hospital. It is gratifying to note that she is improving as rapidly as could be expected.

Announcement has been made in Lock Haven of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Claster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Claster, of that place, and Nathan Meyer, of Wilkes-Barre.

The Bellefonte Academy basketball team last Saturday evening opened its season by defeating the Juniata five, 40-17. The game was played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and was at times very interesting.

A progressive costume party was given by eight young ladies on Tuesday night in honor of Miss Jonan, Miss Fitzgerald's guest, beginning at the home of Miss Edith Payne and ending at the Fitzgerald home.

Miss Adeline Olewine has as a guest Miss Marie Jacobs, of Philadelphia, who arrived on Friday of last week and who yesterday went to State College for a stay of a few days. On Tuesday night Miss Olewine entertained with cards in her honor.

Robert Taylor, one of the young men injured in the recent coasting accident in Bellefonte, was taken to the Jefferson hospital, in Philadelphia, yesterday for observation by a specialist. He was accompanied by his father, R. B. Taylor, and Miss Thompson, Dr. Hayes' nurse.

Miss Louise Brachbill, of this place, was among the guests at a dinner party at the H. S. Satterlee home, in Lock Haven, on Saturday evening, last, at which function announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Lyda L. Blake, of Lock Haven, and Oliver M. Dock, a young lawyer in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frank, the young son of Morton Smith, was taken to Philadelphia several days ago for observation by a specialist. On Thanksgiving Day Frank was playing football and strained the tendons of his leg, at the knee. For a time the leg was cased in a plaster paris cast, but the improvement was not as rapid as was desired and it was decided to have him examined by a specialist.

The many Bellefonte friends of Miss Henrietta Butts will learn with pleasure that she has been promoted in the postal service in Philadelphia and now has the responsible position of money order clerk and cashier of the Chestnut Street branch office. It is said that her position pays her the highest salary of any woman in the Philadelphia postal service. The promotion of Miss Butts was secured for her at the instance of another Bellefonte resident, Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz.

J. Thomas Mitchell met with a painful accident, and narrowly escaped a fracture of his left leg below the knee, while scoring at an indoor baseball game at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Tuesday night. A bat slipped out of the hands of one of the players and passing clear across the room struck Mr. Mitchell a violent blow on the bone of his left leg. For a time it was feared that the bone was broken, but happily this was not the case. His injury will keep him in bed for several days.

A victrola dance was held at the town hall on Tuesday evening.

Miss Margaret Noonan spent the past week with friends in Williamsport.

Miss Janet Scott departed on Saturday for Baltimore, where she is visiting with friends.

Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor and children are in Philipsburg visiting with the former's aunt, Mrs. J. J. Robinson.

Miss Blanche Henry, of Ebensburg, was an arrival Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker.

Mrs. O. R. Nearing and Mrs. Graffius Calvert, of Jersey Shore, spent Saturday at the home of Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Mrs. Frank Mullen and daughter, Mrs. Haines, of Tyrone, visited here with friends a few days this week.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff departed on Tuesday on a three months trip to California, traveling via Washington and New Orleans.

Mrs. Charles Brachbill returned home on Tuesday evening from Belleville, at which place she attended the funeral of her father, the late Henry Fox.

Mrs. G. S. Dumont and her aunt, Miss Sadie Keenan, of New York city, were arrivals Monday night and are at the Bush House for a stay of two weeks.

Mrs. William Wallis returned on Saturday to her home in Crafton, after visiting here since Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley.

Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, of Philadelphia, was an arrival here last Thursday night, having been called by the illness of her sister, the late Mrs. Nora Shelden.

Mrs. Edward Latham and two children returned on Tuesday to their home in Harrisburg after a very enjoyable visit here with Mrs. Latham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Haupt.

Council in Session.

At Monday night's meeting of borough Council the Street Committee was directed to proceed without further notice where property owners or tenants have neglected to remove snow and ice from sidewalks. Chairman Harris, of this committee, advised Council that street signs had been posted in regard to traffic ordinance regulations, and urged that the ordinance be enforced in all its provisions. This was ordered done. A check for \$21.02 was received by Council to close out the water duplicate in the hands of W. A. Ishler at the time of his death, and the Ishler bond was discharged and his surety released. The bond of J. M. Keichline, as water collector for the present year, in the sum of \$5,000, was received and filed. Burgess Blanchard turned over to Council \$12 received as license fees. J. L. Montgomery was reappointed a member of the Board of Health for a term of five years. Council adjourned with the State-Centre Electric Co. lighting bills for November and December on the basis of a 10% reduction.

Mrs. Anna M. Sherry Dead.

Mrs. Anna Mary Sherry died on Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Decker, of Decker's hollow, a mile north of Tyrone. Mrs. Sherry was born in Germany 91 years ago lacking one month, and came to this country when she was 15 years old. She was the wife of Anthony Sherry who preceded her to the grave some years ago. Her home during the last nine years has been with her daughter, Mrs. Decker, who survives together with the following named sons and daughters: Mrs. Caroline McAvoy, of Kane; George Sherry, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Annie Scheil and Anthony Sherry, of St. Mary's and Mrs. Agnes Peters, of Tyrone. The cause of death was a gradual breaking down of physical powers caused by old age. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Matthew's Roman Catholic church. Interment in Oak Grove cemetery.

Glenn Robb Dead.

Glenn Robb, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Robb, of Marsh Creek, near Blanchard, died early last Saturday morning from tonsillitis aggravated by croup. The young man was aged 8 years and 8 months and by his playmates and other friends was greatly liked and admired. He was taken ill about two weeks prior to his death, and in the latter stages of his illness suffered intensely. The sympathy of many friends is with the bereaved parents. Surviving in addition to the parents are seven brothers and sisters. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at Blanchard, Rev. A. Linkletter officiating.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Ewing, Ward Fink, Mary A. Foreman, Nora Fry, W. F. R. Jackson, G. Lambert, Mrs. Margaret E. M. Sands, Clyde Thomas, Mrs. Henry Weaver. Foreign—Franchetti Billstri. When called for please say advertised.

Injured by Horse.

While hauling lime several days ago from the Eagleville station, David Robb, Sr., of Marsh Creek, was painfully injured by a horse. His team frightened at a passing train. Mr. Robb was standing near one of the horses, holding the reins, when the animal lurched forward and struck him violently on the breast.

Extends Appreciation.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton, chairman of the committee which recently disposed of Red Cross Christmas Seals in Bellefonte, has received the following expression of appreciation from R. F. Smith, Jr., Executive Secretary of the association in Philadelphia:

"We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your check for \$153 as returns from the recent sale of Red Cross X-mas Seals in Bellefonte. Surely a sale of over three seals per capita is one that calls for cordial acknowledgment and congratulation.

"We note with gratification the hearty and effective local support accorded you and hope that the sale has been a matter of stimulus and education in the prevention of tuberculosis in your community.

"We plan to send later a report showing Red Cross Seal returns from the more important communities in the State, which report we trust may prove of interest to you and the other members of the Woman's Club. We should be glad to send educational literature regarding tuberculosis and its prevention whenever such would be of assistance to the social welfare work in Bellefonte.

"Please extend our thanks to each member of your committee for their active co-operation in the sale. Mr. Risley also notes with pleasure the final results of the sale.

"With appreciation of your own effective work and renewal of thanks for this substantial support in the work of preventing tuberculosis in Pennsylvania, we remain, etc."

Mrs. E. H. A. Shelden Dead.

Mrs. Ellen Honora Allen Shelden died at her apartments at the Bush House on Wednesday, January 20th, at 8 o'clock, A. M., following an extended illness. She had been in declining health for a year or more, and at one time was admitted to the hospital here for an operation. Deceased was well known in Bellefonte and the news of her death, while not unexpected, was received with sincere sorrow by many admiring friends. Funeral services will be held Friday morning, January 22d, from St. John's Catholic church, Rev. Father McArdle officiating. Mrs. Shelden was born in Philadelphia, April 14th, 1851, the daughter of Dr. William Henry Allen and Ellen Honora Curtin Allen. She was married February 25th, 1873. Her father was president of Girard College, in Philadelphia. Her mother was a sister of the late Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin. Surviving are a son, William H. Allen Shelden, of Stamford, Conn., and a sister, Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, of Philadelphia.

John Martin Brower Dead.

John Martin Brower died on Wednesday evening of last week at his late home on the mountain road in Benner Township. He had been in poor health for some time. Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at one o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Vocum and Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. Deceased was born June 26, 1822. The only surviving relative is William Kesser, with whom he lived. He was a Civil war veteran, having served with 149th Penna. Vols.

Examination for Postmaster.

A civil service examination for fourth-class postmaster at Milesburg will be held in Bellefonte on February 20th. The postoffice in question was included in the State-wide examination held on May 7, 1913, but was one of a number for which no eligibles were secured. Application blanks may be secured from the secretary of the board of examiners, or from the postmaster at Bellefonte, or from the United States Civil Service Commission, at Washington, D. C.

Lyman T. Eddy Dead.

Lyman T. Eddy, one of Centre County's foremost business men and citizens, died late Saturday night at his home in Milesburg. An extended account of his death is given in the Milesburg letter, which is published in another column.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON

Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen.....35

Butter, per pound.....32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed.....\$1.35

Wheat, red.....\$1.30

Corn, shelled (per bu.).....70

Corn, ears, (per bu.).....70

Oats, (per bu.).....50

Rye, (per bu.).....70

Barley, (per bu.).....90

Buckwheat, (per bu.).....80

PASSED BAD CHECKS

(continued from first page.)

personal check for \$50, and was asked to produce somebody to identify him, he smilingly explained that Mr. William Waddle, at the Brockerhoff House, was an old and valued friend. The bank suggested that he have Mr. Waddle accompany him for the purpose of identification, and to this Campbell, putting on his best smile, readily assented. But he never mentioned the incident to Mr. Waddle, nor did he return to the bank.

Before taking over Mr. Beezer with a forged check for \$50, Campbell tried to palm it off at the Bush House. To Philip Waddle, the clerk, he mentioned just as if it were of no account at all:

"By the way, can you cash a little check; it's just a little one."

The "little one" was for \$50, but Mr. Waddle was on his guard, and with one of a dozen handy excuses used when a hotel prefers not to cash a check, he sidestepped. Campbell was not even offended. A few minutes later he breezed into the Beezer butcher shop. Philip Beezer was on duty. Instantly Campbell had

himself primed up for action.

"Why how are you, Mr. Beezer?" called out Campbell as he briskly stepped through the shop. He shook hands with Mr. Beezer and the latter took it for granted that he knew the stranger. In fact, his suspicions were not aroused for a second, not even when Campbell smiled and remarked:

"How about Ed, Erb's check? I guess its good for fifty, isn't it?"

Mr. Beezer made a hasty calculation as to what money was in the cash drawer, and as he did so he replied:

"I guess Ed's check is all right for fifty."

With that Mr. Beezer opened the drawer, counted out some bills and handed Campbell \$50. And that was all there was to it. Campbell chatted for a second or two and bowed himself out. It is supposed that he called personally on Mr. Erb in order to be in position to explain that he had done so and insist that the signature was genuine should unlooked for trouble develop. The forgery came to light when Mr. Beezer deposited the Erb check and it was sent to State College for collection. The Centre County Bank had declined to cash Campbell's personal check, the same which he

had tried to work off on the First National Bank. One of Campbell's last acts before leaving town was to buy a new suit of clothes. He wore the new suit when he sauntered down High Street to the railroad station. Having taken \$35 out of town with little or no effort, Campbell possibly thought he should leave something, at least, behind, so he looked in at the Bush House cigar store and to Louie Daggett he tossed that bit of mystifying humor, "sage nicht."

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year in advance.

For Sale Cheap

One 1½ H. P. Keystone

Gasoline Engine

GARBRICK BROS.

Bellefonte, Pa.

Office at Big Spring Both Phone

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldridge Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Hors and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.



W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte, Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

FORCED SALE

OF

Wall Paper
Pictures
Stains
Varnishes

at

ECKENROTH'S

High Street

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE JANUARY SALE

Now comes that better-than-ever

January Clearance Sale

It begins January 7th with an array of big values that represent unusual savings.

The January Clearance is on the calendar—it starts in the morning and in a greater and more attractive way than before.

It's hardly necessary to remind you that fall business was a bit "off"—you've experienced it in your own business—most every man has.

That condition makes our stocks larger than they should be at this season of the year—makes lower prices than usual necessary—and we've met the condition in a way you'll appreciate.

We've determined upon a policy that does not permit "doing things by halves"—the price reductions will be decisive and instant—you should act on them instantly.

\$30 Suits or Overcoats now	\$22.50
\$28 " " " "	\$21.00
\$25 " " " "	\$18.75
\$22 " " " "	\$16.50
\$20 " " " "	\$15.00
\$18 " " " "	\$13.50
\$15 " " " "	\$11.25
\$12 " " " "	\$ 9.00

This an absolutely cash sale, and no good will be charged at these prices.

Montgomery & Co.